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THE sun is the great central source of heat, as well as gravity. The vast and mysterious power it exerts in holding the distant planets in their orbits is not more wonderful than the influence of its rays on the complex machinery by which the atmospheric temperature is regulated, and the uniform action of the laws of vegetable and animal life maintained. By it the winds are produced, and the heavens kindled with those electric displays, which, like all other fearful agents, perform indispensable offices in the economy of nature. By the vivifying action of the sun, vegetable life is sustained, and upon it animal life depends. Under its influence the sea circulates in the form of vapor, supplying water to the continental element. The temperature of any part of the earth's surface depends mainly on its exposure to the solar rays. If the sun remain longer above the horizon of any place than below it, its temperature will increase, and the reverse is also true. We are nearer the sun during the winter than we are during the summer; the difference in the temperature of the seasons does not therefore depend on proximity to the sun; but in the time the terrestrial surface is exposed to its rays, and the manner in which they are received, whether vertically or obliquely. During our near approach to the sun, (for the earth is about one-twenty-ninth of its whole distance from the sun nearer to it during its perihelion than it is during its aphelion,) its velocity is increased in proportion to the decrease of the square of its distance. It is this increased angular velocity of the earth, when at its perihelion, that protects us from the excess of heat which our comparatively near approach to the sun would otherwise expose us.

'Were it not for this,' says Sir John Herschel, 'the eccentricity of the orbit would materially influence the transition of the seasons. The fluctuation of distance amounts to nearly one-thirtieth of its mean quantity, and, consequently, the fluctuation in the sun's direct heating power

to double this, or one-fifteenth of the whole. Now the perihelion of the orbit is situated nearly at the place of the northern winter solstice; so that, were it not for the compensation we have just described, the effect would be to exaggerate the difference of summer and winter in the southern hemisphere, and to moderate it in the northern; thus producing a more violent alternation of climate in the one hemisphere, and an approach to perpetual spring in the other. As it is, however, no such inequality subsists, but an equal and impartial distribution of heat and light is accorded to both.

We have seen how the seasons depend on the inclination of the earth's axis to its orbit; but the influence of this inclination would be partially defeated by the eccentricity of the orbit, were it not for that law of gravity, by which the velocity is increased in proportion to the decrease of the square of the distance. The one-fifteenth increase of solar heat, which, without some compensation, would seriously aggravate the sufferings of all exposed to the direct solar rays, is thus avoided by the increased angular velocity. But the proportion and distribution of the solid and fluid parts of our globe contribute to the general result. Professor Dove has shown that the mean temperature of the whole earth's surface is considerably greater in June than it is in December. The line of the sun during its perihelion, passes overland less than one-sixth part of its course, the remainder it passes over water. This arrangement has a very material effect on the mean heat, as shown by the professor. Land, as we shall see hereafter, radiates the solar heat into the atmosphere, much more rapidly than water. Water absorbs most of all it receives, while the land radiates it back into space. If this arrangement had been reversed, the proportion of land being the greatest under the sun's line, during its perihelion, the whole climate must have been different.

Nearly the whole of the one-sixth of land thus exposed, lies in Africa. The streams of warm air generated by the sun when passing over this part, have at some points, only a short space to pass over the Mediterranean, and where this sea is broadest it weakens the heating power of the south winds so little that they are felt as a hot sirocco through all Italy up to the Tyrolese Alps. The westerly parts of Asia to the middle degree of latitude, are warmed in the same way, and especially the East Indian peninsula.

The mild climate of Western Europe, as we have seen, is largely indebted to the same cause. From the immense influence of this one-sixth of land, we can calculate with a degree of certainty, how indispensably necessary is the present distribution of land and water. Here under the burning climate of the equator, water has a cooling effect. It absorbs the heat and thus secures the atmosphere from that excess, which the land if it predominated, would produce by radiation. The evaporation of the water also contributes to lessen the power of the sun's rays by the mists and clouds which it produces. In the operation of these laws, we cannot fail to discover the intimate relation and mutual dependence of the various agents in nature. No one can be changed without affecting the whole. The atmospheric temperature and local climates, so essential to the growth of the different vegetables and plants, and to the full development of man himself, depend on the

harmonious action and reaction of the various complex physical laws ; on the elliptical form of the earth ; its axis and diurnal and annual motion ; the depth, pressure and expansive power of the atmosphere ; division, distribution and configuration of the continents ; the terrestrial reliefs, and the properties of the oceanic element.

The ocean supplies the vapor by which the continents are watered ; but were it not for the tendency of its saline contents, the amount of vapor given off, would be much greater than it is ; sufficiently great perhaps to change the character of the whole atmosphere ; and hence the laws of life. The saline contents diminish the tendency to throw off vapor, and also lower the point of congelation, and therefore tend to keep the seas liquid. Experiments were made by Bladb, Kisroan and Doctor Traill, on the specific gravity of the water in different places in the ocean, by which it appeared that the saline contents increased gradually from the poles toward the equator. It has been ascertained, however, that the greatest proportion of salt is found in the parallels of the twenty-second degree north latitude and the seventeenth degree south latitude. In this, as before observed, there is a singular agreement with the highest terrestrial elevations. Here is an agent almost concealed, but not less important than those stupenduous continental reliefs which act so powerfully on the imagination and feelings of man.

The ocean supplies the vapors, the winds bear them over the continents, and the mountain-chains, forcing them up into the higher and colder regions, act as condensers. But in these changes, the sun is the great primary agent, by it the winds are created, and the vapors distilled from the waters of the ocean, which after performing various important offices to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, is again returned to the ocean to commence anew its unceasing circulation.

The oceanic element is much more constant in its temperature than the continental, and by communicating with the atmosphere above it, greatly modifies the climate of the latter. Water is not affected, either by heat or cold to the same degrees with the solid portion of the globe. In the first place it is a less susceptible conductor ; secondly, the evaporation, which increases in proportion to the intensity of the solar rays, has a cooling effect on the surface ; and thirdly, the unceasing motion and exchange which is kept up between the upper and lower strata, by which the heat or cold, as it may be, is communicated to its whole mass, causes a more gradual change of temperature ; while its depth prevents extremes of any kind. The daily illumination of the sun warms the ground to a very limited depth ; while the same quantity of heat will penetrate, though with a decreasing intensity, many fathoms of water ; thus the line of invariable temperature under the equator, is seven thousand two hundred feet below the surface. In the former instance the heat is condensed, in the latter diffused through the whole mass. It has been estimated, that the difference between the heat thus communicated, is as one to one hundred. And it is owing to these laws, together with the greater transparency of the continental atmosphere, and the inequalities of the terrestrial surface, by which radiation is favored, that the land cools more rapidly than the water.

These differently heated surfaces have a proportionate effect on the

atmosphere above them. Water gives out but little heat by radiation while the land radiates the heat it receives freely into the surrounding atmosphere. The change of temperature caused by the succession of day and night, is owing to this fact. The difference in the heat radiated is in the proportion of thirty to one; that is, there are thirty times less radiated by the water than by the surrounding land. It is to this diurnal atmospheric disturbance, that we are indebted for our local winds and pleasant sea breezes. But the evaporation of the water acts more freely on the temperature of the air than its radiation does. Thus the oceanic element moderates both the heat and cold of the adjoining land; and tends generally to equalize the atmospheric temperature.

These two elements, so intimately related to each other, are, as we have seen, unequally distributed, and come in contact at their margins only. Another element, therefore, is required to effect the exchange between them. The atmosphere is the medium, and the winds, which, as we have seen, result from the disturbance of its equilibrium, are the agents employed for this purpose. The heated portions of air, becoming lighter, rise, while the colder currents rush in to take their place, precisely as in the case of differently-heated particles of water in the ocean. This motion produces the winds, which are more or less violent in proportion to the amount of atmospheric disturbance. This law is most beautifully illustrated by partially opening the door of a heated apartment communicating with a cold space, and holding a burning taper to the crevice or opening. If held at the top, the outward direction of the flame will indicate the presence of a current of air passing from the apartment into the cooler atmosphere. If you move the taper down the flame will become more and more upright, until, at the middle of the height, it will cease to be affected by any motion, and burn as in a perfect calm. If now you continue to move it down, the flame will be driven inward; thus showing that the heated air ascends and flows out of the top, while the colder air enters at the bottom. Hence the caution of many persons in opening the upper part of their windows, or in pulling them down instead of up when their apartment is too warm.

This exchange is carried on between the tropical, temperate and polar regions. The temperature of the tropics is always higher than that of other portions of the globe; hence the air is constantly ascending, while the heavier and colder particles of the north rush along the surface of the earth to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere. There is, therefore, a constant interchange of air between the unequally heated sections of the earth's surface. The winds result from these laws of temperature; but the permanent and regular currents, however dependant on the disturbance of the equilibrium, are governed in their direction by the rotary motion of the earth and the difference in the velocity of the polar and equatorial parts, which difference in the velocity is the consequence of the elliptical figure of the earth. This is the case with the trade-winds and monsoons. These winds, so important to the commercial interests of the world, are produced like all others, but the disturbances in their case are regular, depending on the action of the sun on the unequally-exposed portions of the earth's

surface. Here again we discover the importance of the elliptical form of our planet. These winds are not only created by the unequal exposure to the sun which it causes, but their direction is determined by the different velocities which result from it. If the polar and equatorial velocities were equal, these currents would be simply north and south winds; but the unequal velocity changes them into a north-west and south-west direction. The equatorial portion of the earth's surface has a much greater velocity of rotation than the polar; the polar currents, therefore, are unable to keep up with the equatorial motion. Thus the direction of the north polar current is changed to the south-west, and that of the south-pole to the north-west. The same cause changes the direction of the upper or equatorial currents to the north-east and south-east. They arrive at the north and south with a greater velocity than the earth's surface has at those points, and are therefore in advance of its motion. To this fact we are indebted for the westerly winds of the North Atlantic.

The beneficial influences of these regular currents, and of the winds generally, cannot be estimated. Gratuitous accounts of the imaginary and wonderful, such as Doctor Thompson has interwoven with his more serious labors, are wholly unnecessary to excite a proper degree of interest in them; and while such accounts amuse and perhaps interest the general reader, they in some degree retard the progress of science. The winds restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere, upon the disturbance of which they depend; distribute the vapor of the ocean; protect the tropics from the intense heat to which those regions are exposed, and by conveying the heated air and vapor north, greatly modify the climate there. In fact, they effect all the exchanges, and carry out all the compensations on the surface of our planet. By them the burning climate of Africa, south of the equator, is relieved in December, January and February, when under the vertical rays of the sun. During these months, cold currents from the Indies and upper Asia rush in to relieve these regions, while the reverse takes place when India and Asia are heated by the burning sun of the northern summer and Africa is cooled by the southern winter. The winds of the west and south-west, which prevail in the middle latitudes, soften the temperature of the western coasts of Europe and America. The trade-winds, sweeping over the surface of the ocean from the Antarctic regions, first strike the coast of Chili in the parallels of thirty-five degrees south latitude, and advance along the coasts of Peru as far north as Cape Paríña, when they turn suddenly westward, lowering the temperature of the regions through which they pass. Thus, as observed by Von Humboldt in his 'Aspects of Nature,' the temperature of the Pacific on the coast near Lima is sixty degrees two minutes Fahrenheit, while in the same latitude out of the current it is seventy-nine degrees two minutes Fahrenheit. This polar current, then, lowers the temperature of the atmosphere through which it passes nineteen degrees Fahrenheit; it must, therefore, have a very considerable effect on the climate of the entire continent. In the equatorial regions, where the course of the temperature and winds is regular, that of the rains is equally so; and instead of seasons of temperature, which are

there unknown, the inhabitants draw the distinguishing line between the dry and rainy seasons. Whenever the trade-wind blows with its wonted regularity, the sky preserves a constant serenity and a deep azure blue, especially when the sun is in the opposite hemisphere; the air is dry, and the atmosphere cloudless. But in proportion as the sun approaches the zenith the trade-wind grows irregular, the sky assumes a whitish tint; it becomes overcast; clouds appear, and sudden showers, accompanied with fierce storms, ensue.'

In this we cannot fail to recognise a most important arrangement, whatever may be the effect of these inundating rains in engendering the fevers to which the inhabitants are subject. When we recollect the immense influence of an interposing vapor in weakening the intensity of the sun's rays, we may inquire whether the thick vapor in which they are enveloped, at the time when the solar influence is greatest, does not protect them from dangers to be dreaded infinitely more than the endemical fevers, however fatal they may be.

It is not in this only that these rains and winds are indispensable, but to the vegetable world. The quantity of vapor in the atmosphere depends on the intensity of the solar rays; it is therefore always more abundant in the tropical atmosphere. This is one of the causes of the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation; but were it not for the almost inexhaustible supply of water deposited in the rivers and lagoons of those regions by the annual rains, the moisture in the atmosphere would be insufficient to supply the vegetable kingdom. A failure of rain in the temperate climates for a few weeks only will cause the greatest injury. Who has not often seen with feelings of sadness the parched and withered vegetation of our own country, in seasons of drought, and watched the approaching cloud with thankfulness of heart?

Thus we see the importance of the winds in effecting an exchange of temperature between the equatorial and polar regions, and in modifying the various climates of the earth. But if the capacity of the air were greater than it is, its temperature would be less easily affected by the solar rays, and this circulation, so essential to both hemispheres, partially if not entirely destroyed; while, if the capacity for heat were less, the pleasant and refreshing winds, so important in knitting together the various nations of the earth by the bonds of reciprocal beneficence, would become the most fearful agents of destruction. There is indeed a most intimate connection between the multiplied physical laws with which man has made himself acquainted; a perfect and unbroken chain, extending through and around the wide domain of the infinite CREATOR; and not a link in all this vast chain can be withdrawn or broken without a fearful disturbance of the whole.

The winds keep up the circulation in the atmosphere, and restore its equilibrium, and the oceanic currents, which in some degree depend on them, perform the same office for that element. By these currents the exchange of warm and cold water from the differently-heated regions is effected. It is not our object to attempt to trace these or any other phenomena to their primary cause further than it becomes necessary to connect them together and show the mutual adaptation and concurrent action of the whole; much less do we desire to enter on

controverted territory for the purpose of disputation ; but, with all due respect for authority, we suggest the possibility that too much importance has been given to the unequal temperatures of the tropical and polar seas, in explaining the oceanic currents. Much, undoubtedly, is due to the general tendency of fluids to maintain an equilibrium, but we do not consider this ' the more profound and irresistible cause.'

If the rapidity of these deep currents cannot be explained by the motion of the winds, they must result from some cause more powerful than that by which the winds are produced. It is true the sun has a most powerful influence in warming the oceans. Under the equator, the line of constant temperature is seven thousand two hundred feet below the surface. The gulf stream maintains its elevated temperature for more than one thousand feet below the surface. But the atmosphere is more elastic, is easier affected by the solar rays, receives heat, not only from the rays as they pass through it, but by radiation from the earth. The water loses part of the heat it receives by evaporation and radiation, while the depth of the ocean prevents the solar rays from penetrating to the bottom. Thus the line of constant temperature is at variable depths. At fifty-five degrees eighteen minutes, south latitude, longitude one hundred and forty-nine degrees twenty minutes, west, Sir J. C. Ross found it at six hundred fathoms ; at forty-nine degrees seventeen minutes, south latitude, longitude one hundred and seventy-two degrees eighteen minutes, west, it sinks to nine hundred fathoms ; while at the equator the same distinguished explorer found it at the depth of twelve hundred fathoms. From these examinations he arrived at the conclusion that there is a belt or circle around the earth where the mean temperature of the sea obtains throughout its entire depth, which is about fifty-six degrees fourteen minutes latitude. This, as he observes, constitutes a neutral ground. That portion which is heated by the solar rays imparts heat to the under layers by an exchange of particles. The sun, therefore, cannot act so powerfully and promptly on the oceanic element as on the atmospheric. If then these phenomena result from the same cause, (i. e., a disturbance of the equilibrium of the two elements,) the oceanic currents would not be greater, more powerful or rapid, than the atmospheric currents. But they are, and therefore must have ' a more profound and irresistible cause' than the mere tendency to restore the equilibrium. For these reasons, we adopt the opinion of Baron Von Humboldt, that the oceanic currents depend conjointly upon various causes ; on the tides ; the duration and intensity of prevailing winds ; the modifications of density and specific gravity which the particles of water undergo, in consequence of differences in the temperature and in the relative quantity of saline contents at different latitudes and depths ; and lastly, the horary variations of the atmospheric pressure successively propagated from east to west, and occurring with such regularity in the tropics.

These currents have a great influence on the continental climates. The climates of Chili and Peru are, as we have observed, considerably cooled by the Antarctic polar current of wind ; but the entire effect is the joint result of the atmospheric and oceanic currents, which rush in from the same point. A branch of the equatorial current, after

passing round Guiana and the Caribbean Sea, forces itself in between Cape Catoche and Cuba to the Gulf of Mexico, and after making the circuit of the gulf, passes out between Florida and Cuba, and continues its course under a new name along our coast as far as Newfoundland, elevating the temperature of the whole coast. This current is deflected from that point to the eastward, and finally reaches the coast of Africa. A portion of its warm waters is carried to western Europe by the prevailing winds, and there contributes to soften the climate. These currents are ever active, and contrast strongly with the disturbed waters through which they pass. Guided by some irresistible power, they pursue their course through the agitated element which surrounds them, unmindful of the storms that impede their progress, but cannot defeat their end.

By retracing our steps we shall find that the various zones of the astronomical climate are caused by the elliptical figure of the earth, by reason of which the surface is unequally exposed to the solar rays, other elements of course contributing to the result; and that the isothermal, isocheminal and isothermal lines would be uniformly parallel to each other over the whole terrestrial surface, were it not for the division, distribution and contour of the continents, their mountains or reliefs, and the unequal, absorbing and radiating powers of the surface. But as the beauty and fertility of large sections of the globe depend on these special provisions for the advantages which their location otherwise would have denied them, we find they have been provided in the arrangement and adaptations of the fluid and solid portions of the earth. The grand object contemplated by the Infinite Mind is stamped indelibly on every part of the universe, and all the particles, however affected by the laws of matter, contribute to the final result. If a plateau is necessary to water the valley, it rises at the bidding of the ETERNAL. If the geographical form and position of a continent require a mountain-chain to condense the passing vapor, it rises also at the same Almighty bidding. If a gulf is needed to modify the climate of a continent, and counteract the influence of the terrestrial reliefs, the hills are rolled back and the gulf appears. Can it be said that all these local and important agents, acting so harmoniously with the mysterious forces that pervade the universe, are the offspring of chance? that the terrestrial reliefs, acting so variously on the local climates, on which so much of life and beauty depend, are the accidental result of indeterminate internal powers?

The mind is not so much affected by the grandeur of any single phenomenon, however important, as it is by the harmonious action of different and apparently conflicting elements. It is this intimate and indispensable relation which exists between the greatest and the smallest of created beings; between the animate and inanimate worlds; this action and reaction upon each other, by which the end is accomplished; and the special provisions, modifying or wholly defeating the action of general laws, where the interests of our species require it, that tend most strongly to direct the inquiring mind upward to the INFINITE and ETERNAL for a revelation of the hidden cause.

But if we look at the general result of the division of the earth's

surface into zones of temperature, we shall find a most favorable condition. The torrid zone stretches from the equator to the tropics, embracing an area of seventy-seven million seven hundred thousand square miles; the temperate zones, extending from the tropics to the polar circles, embrace fifty million square miles in each hemisphere; making together one hundred millions of square miles. This area embraces at least three-fourths of the continental element. The frozen continents contain only eight millions of square miles each; and even this small circle is inhabitable. Owing to the compensations in Sweden, the *cereals* are cultivated beyond the polar circle. Less therefore than one eleventh part of the earth's surface is beyond the vivifying influence of the solar rays. And we have seen how small a portion of the continental mass is exposed to the vertical rays of the sun when at its highest point, and how that portion is partially protected by the interposing mists and clouds, caused by a rapid evaporation; by the isolated mountain peaks, from which the cold air rushes down; the general elevation; and the luxuriant vegetation, which keeps the atmosphere more humid, and cools the surface of the earth by its moisture and shade. It appears then, from the view we have taken, that the powers by which the continents have been thrown up to their present positions have acted uniformly in every instance; that the local reliefs are necessary where they are found; that the astronomical climates have been variously modified by these agents; and that the elements act in harmony with each other, however widely separated or discordant they may appear; that through the laws of expansion and contraction, of heat and cold, the sea cools the climate of the torrid zone, and warms it in the cold temperate and frigid zones; that the continents are narrow and greatly elevated, with vast isolated peaks, in the equatorial regions, and low and divided, cut up by bays and inland seas, in the higher latitudes; and that the climates depend on the concurrent action of these agents or elements. One irregular or convulsive motion of the mighty upheaving internal power, by which it is supposed the terrestrial reliefs and continental elevations have been produced, would unsettle the physical relations which exist, and more or less disturb the harmonious action of the varied forces of nature.

THE EMIGRANTS:

ILLUSTRATING A PICTURE.

Now bright beneath them gleamed the sun-touched vale,
 And just discerned the cot from whence they passed,
 When stayed the creaking wheels, and slow and pale
 Stepped forth the sorrowing emigrants, to cast
 Upon the home they left one gaze -- the last.
 The grandsire shaded with his trembling hand
 The dim eye strained upon the roof he reared;
 The son but looked, and bowed himself unmanned
 Upon his horse's neck, whose rough breast shared
 His master's agony; unlike the rest,
 The wife gazed tearless, and her infant son
 Folded in silence to her tranquil breast,
 As if she felt, wherever doomed to roam,
 With him and with his sire -- *there would be home.*

T H E S A B B A T H B E L L .

I.

HARK! the Sabbath bell is pealing
On the wandering morning breeze,
And around my heart is stealing
Old and pleasant memories.

II.

Holy Sabbaths, long since tasted,
Bring thy music tones to me;
Sacred hours that I have wasted
Underneath the spreading tree.

III.

Meadows in the sunshine lying,
Streams that never ceased their glee,
And the forest's gentle sighing,
Are the dreams thou bring'st to me.

IV.

Come upon thy joyous ringing,
O'er the hills and valleys borne,
Just the same glad music winging,
Just the same unclouded morn.

V.

Oh! how oft a Sabbath rover
Have I heard thy passing boom,
Where the purple fields of clover
Spread around their summer bloom!

VI.

Where the ripples, gaily dancing,
On the meadow-streamlet played,
Or the golden beams came glancing
Through the openings in the shade.

VII.

How my spirit longed to follow
In his merry gambols there,
Often when I've watched the swallow
Sporting in the summer air!

VIII.

When I saw his shadow flitting
Swift across the sunny floor,
Or beside his nest was sitting,
In the sunlight o'er the door.

IX.

But thy far-off music swelling,
To a holier thought gave birth,
And within my heart was welling
Thankfulness for days on earth.

X.

These the scenes that thou art bringing,
 Holy Sabbath bell! to me;
 These the memories thou art flinging
 Round the path that leads to thee.

XI.

Home of early hours, reposing
 In the valley bright and green,
 Where the bending elms unclosing
 Let the sunlight on the stream:

XII.

Thou hast ceased thy gentle speaking,
 Yet upon my charmed ear
 Melodies of old are breaking;
 Voices that seem ever near.

J. M.

Rondout, May 15th, 1850.

A NOVEL IN A NUT-SHELL.

Is she gentle — apt to please?
 Witty, pretty, less or more?
 P'shaw! what foolish questions these!
 Is she rich, or is she poor?

In the days of my boyhood, when I was a sophomore of C—— college, I once had occasion to travel through P——, a large New-England town, on my route to my *alma mater*, and we passed the large school-house just as the girls came pouring forth, at the close of the afternoon lessons. The stage stopped at a hotel near, and I, with one or two others of about my own appearance and calibre, strolled up the street to take a look at them. Boys are not always very gentlemanly, nor girls ladylike; and in this instance the bounds of good manners were certainly overstepped. There was one young lady who attracted my attention as being particularly pretty, and in an effort to be smart in her hearing, I said to my companions: 'Behold the future mothers of the land!'

'The future statesmen and orators!' immediately rejoined one of the girls. 'Lou., do you hear those impudent fellows?'

'Yes,' replied Miss Lou., who was the one to whom I had taken a fancy; and turning her head, she said with great archness:

'THE green young saplings which we see,
 Advancing, grow to trees;
 Behold! how rich the land must be
 To bear such sprouts as these!'

Whereupon they all laughed merrily, and then ran away. We had paused to hear her speech, but they gave us no chance to answer; so we returned to the hotel, feeling very much as if we had had the worst of it. But that graceful form, that comical expression, and above all,

that bright face, haunted me for weeks after I returned to my studies, and were the beau ideal of many a sonnet and improvised romance. In truth, I never forgot her; and circumstances in after years brought to my knowledge the whole history of her who was my boyhood's dream. This was so unlike the history of heroines in general, that I have thought it worthy of being written, in the hope that the events of our lives may benefit others, if any there be who can profit by their neighbors' experience. Indeed I sometimes think that the heroes and heroines of novels and tales have as many, if not more, practical followers than the sages and apostles of wisdom.

Thus, while I went on my way, musing on my unknown beauty, fancying her in all manner of romantic situations—in carriages, on horseback, by the side of precipices, in splendid drawing-rooms, in hair-breadth escapes, beset with unfit suitors, or teased by stingy or tyrannical (and always rich) relations, for there is no manner of situation in life except the right one in which I did not place her—behold! she went on her way to her home. This was in one of the most obscure streets of the town, in a very mean, unpainted, little, one-story house. Here she seated herself upon an old frame of a chair, with a piece of skin tied in it for a bottom. She laid the slate and two or three books she had carried in her arms on the floor beside her, and commenced chatting to a fat, old, hard-working character who was there, diligently making tea and johnny-cake for supper.

'Mother,' said the girl, 'as we came from school we saw the stage-passengers getting out, and among them were some of the boys going to college. We said something about them which I think the fellows overheard, for they turned round and looked after us.'

'I'll warrant you made a grammet at them,' said the mother; but the girl continued, without heeding:

'I wish Tom could go to college.'

'Tom go to college!' exclaimed the old woman, laughing at the idea.

'Yes, why not? Tom is as smart a boy as any in his school:

'A MAN a locomotive is,
Steam raising every hour;
And Tom within that head of his
Has got a twelve-horse power.

Sometimes I think that if I could get something to do, maybe we both together could send him. I should so love to see Tom a gentleman!'

'P'shaw, gal! your wits are turned, through going to school. If I can get Tom 'prenticed to a good trade, as his father was before him, he'll be gentleman enough for me. But I should like to hear how you would set about getting the money.'

'Why, you know, Aunt Louisa keeps a boarding-house in B——. Well now, mother, if you would give me all the money I could make on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and mornings and evenings, and other odd times, by helping you, I think I could get enough to go and make her a visit. You know I am named after her: perhaps she would put me in the way of doing something. B—— is a large place.'

Here Louisa paused a moment. In truth, she had no very definite idea of what she wished her aunt to do for her; but she desired greatly

to make her a visit. Her hope by day and her dream by night was, by some means or other, to obtain for herself and her brother a station in that rank of life from which poverty now debarred them. Once at her aunt's house, she would have one step taken on the ladder of her ambition. Great projects are never born full-grown. Like every earthly thing, they have their infancy, their childhood, their youth, and their maturity, and death arrests them at any stage.

Meantime, to divert her mother from a more close inquiry until her plans should be fully ripened, she related a number of histories she had read of men who had become distinguished, from the humblest situations in life, until the old woman was quite bewildered with what had been told her; for she was profoundly ignorant, not being able even to read. Yet she was one who had been cast in nature's noblest mould; or, to speak after Doctor Johnson's celebrated simile, she was a most beautiful and available block of marble, which had lain unsought and unfound in the wide wilderness of poverty. But He who knoweth the hiding-place of every jewel had not created her nor her great soul in vain, although but the widow of a poor mechanic, and reduced to maintain herself and her two children by taking in washing and ironing. Strong, healthy, and cheerful by nature, accustomed always to spend what she earned, and as she earned it, she had no idea of saving money, nor any ability to calculate the amount she could save. Not so Louisa; she could count, and she could calculate.

Ignorant people have very little notion of the virtue of education: but Mrs. Goldensoul loved her children; they were her pets. When little, it had been a pleasure rather than a task to her strong nerves and hardened muscles to wash and dress them neat and clean; and when so washed and dressed, she behooved to have some object for which to do it. School! that was where other people's children went, and it appeared a very fit place to send them to display their pretty frocks and faces; and then they looked so sweet, walking off together, that it was a sufficient inducement to send them just to see them go. In process of time the children began to have their little school ambitions and cares. Their mother was their confidant, and they were her companions. She rejoiced in their successes and sympathized with their troubles; until, from the ascendancy which knowledge is sure to gain over ignorance, she came to look upon their acquirements as miraculous, and to be almost entirely influenced by their opinions. Not above her business herself, she had not taught her children to be so; and Louisa, as she assisted at the ironing-table and related to her mother the wonders of history and science, made a most agreeable associate; and what marvel if she became at length the master-spirit? Had she professed to have obtained the secret of alchemy, or to have found Aladdin's lamp (which, by the way, I think she had; but that will appear), her mother would have believed her undoubtingly. Happily and wisely is it ordered by Providence that the general tendency of learning is to improve the heart and liberalize the understanding; and to their praise be it spoken, those who have the charge of schools generally attend to the moral training of those they educate. But neither had the mother omitted to send her children to the Sunday-

school; and, by so doing, had unwittingly provided another antidote to the dangers of her own ignorance and blind affection.

With this insight into their circumstances, it is not surprising that Louisa obtained her mother's consent to her proposition, and what was more important, succeeded in inspiring her with some sort of faith in it; albeit the mother's hope looked not beyond a situation as school-teacher or milliner's apprentice. Far otherwise the daughter. When has ever youth set bounds to its imaginings, or ardent fancy chained itself to slow-moving reason? Her head was now quite filled with this half-formed scheme. She was a conqueror, in her way, as great as many whom poets have sung and historians lauded; for she laid plans and overcame difficulties. Hers was no visionary head to dream for idle hands. Eminently practical was she in all her views; at least so would her biographer have written, had she been one of the before-mentioned heroes. With diligent hands, with industry early and late, at an exercise far from unhealthy, and with a mind buoyed up by hope, *she exerted her talents*; and her health, instead of suffering, was even improved thereby. It cost her some qualms of school-acquired pride as she went with the little brother for whom she was to do such great things to fetch and carry the enormous bundles of clothes; but, 'No matter, Tom,' said she:

'ALADDIN rubbed a magic lamp
For wealth and great renown,
And we with these old clothes must tramp
To bring our castle down.

'He did but rub the lamp, and brought
A genius to his side;
And I shall rub the clothes for naught
But rank and wealth allied.

'For what is magic but the ways
Of knowledge, work and care?
It needs but have these three to raise
A genius any where!

Tom expressed sufficient approbation of the rhymes; and Louisa, having, as usual when annoyed, got rid of her trouble by measuring it out, hugged her project to her heart, and exercise kept her from dyspepsia.

Time sped; the little pile of money soon increased, and the moderate sum required was at last told over. The doting mother hated to part with her darling, and Tom wished that he could go also; but the minds of all three were so completely imbued with the hope of prosperity, that no objection was made; and Louisa, with her small means and great anticipations, went on her way to the city, where no one would recognise her as the washerwoman's daughter.

Aunt Louisa Moskey, as hinted above, kept a boarding-house; one of those numberless establishments which abound in large cities, where economy is the means and end, the plan and result, of every department, and where dwell persons desirous of economizing; poverty and avarice associating and consoling each other. Here were the medical student and the merchant's clerk, the poor lawyer and the rich bankrupt, the independent young lady, whose age is among forgotten things,

and the meddlesome old woman, whose husband is in the same category ; for prices, victuals and accommodations were each under the fashionable standard. And here Louisa arrived, in the middle of summer. At that time the boarding-houses in B— do not overflow with customers, and she was received with some charity, inasmuch as she did not come at an inconvenient season.

The aunt was a thin, care-worn looking body, with two or three children, and a great many anxieties. Oh, the devotees of mammon ! how hard they work ! how bitterly they fare ! Her ignorance of the world, and the sense of her own daring, gave Louisa a feeling of uneasiness, which this lady's manner was not calculated, entirely to remove ; nevertheless, with the help of a very acute understanding, she contrived to be somewhat at home. Tea was ready, soon after her arrival. Seated for the first time, in the company of those she considered her superiors at least in the knowledge of etiquette, she was silent and observing ; being far too good a general, to parade her ignorance by pretending to manners, she only guessed at.

After tea she went not into the parlor, she glanced at that in passing ; but into her aunt's private room. This was not cunning ; but a sort of sense of right. She had come to visit her aunt, and she wanted her favor. To win it, she began with an indefinite intention of doing her a kindness ; or in other words, a simple wish to make herself useful. In her aunt's room, she found the children. There was a boy somewhat younger than herself, puzzling over a lesson ; two very cross little girls teasing him ; and a pile of sheets and pillow cases to be made. She sat down in a rocking chair ; took the youngest child in her arms, and played with it, and sang to it, and very soon attracted the attention of the elder girl ; and the boy was left to pursue his studies unmolested. So that in a short time she had at least made peace where there was usually war. The youngest child fell asleep ; she laid it on a lounge, and the second one claimed its place. By this time Mrs. Moskey came in with a servant to put the children to bed ; and she expressed her gratification at finding them so quiet. Louisa parted with her other cousin ; and seeing her aunt commence sewing on the sheets, she volunteered her assistance there, which was readily accepted. Mrs. M. declaring ' she was in a prodigious hurry to get them done, as she had a great deal to do, which she wished to accomplish before the house should be again crowded with boarders. She had hired Mrs. Slowman at two dollars a week, but it appeared to her she would never finish any thing.' So Louisa passed the remainder of the evening in helping to bring up the arrears of Mrs. Slowman ; and in listening to the tune of her aunt's troubles ; which latter consisted in running the scale up and down from the lowest to the highest note through every pitch and tone and variation of domestic grievances in the shape of servants. She really felt a sympathy for her aunt, and a desire to relieve some of these sad trials.

The next morning she was up early as was her wont ; and if nothing else had influenced her, ennui, at the loss of her usual occupations would have caused her to wish for employment. Persons of good health and strong minds are seldom disposed to idleness ; and when to

these are added the habit of industry, the former becomes a punishment. She followed her aunt around with cheerful smiles, ready wit and helping hands. With perfect sincerity she praised the breakfast. Boarding-house keepers are particularly vulnerable on the score of their tables and housekeeping; and although this was doubtless gross flattery in fact; yet indeed the table stood fair in comparison with the washer-woman's; and it was received in good faith, because Mrs. M. persuaded herself to believe it, and desired that others should do the same. Thus did Louisa acquire good opinions; and thus she went on. She assisted at making the pies; she lent a hand at the desserts; she helped to nurse the children, manufacture the clothes, and renovate the finery. Not that she was an adept at all these things, far from it; but she learned from occasion; and with her good heart and fine natural abilities, she began to take such an interest in the assistance she gave, that she was in some danger of forgetting her principal object.

Meantime Aunt Moskey was not unmindful of the value of her visitor. Selfishness always renders people short-sighted; and she began to study how she should retain her; she thought of offering her wages.

Feeling rich in unpaid-for services, she hauled out her old garments for new uses; and from among the surplus, she gave Louisa a white muslin, which had been a very pretty dress; and which, in new hands, became one again; a yard or two of blue ribbon, and these things were received with such girlish delight, that she added to them some other finery. All persons are delighted with gratitude, there is no more certain indication of a noble nature, than the ability to receive a small favor gracefully. It is true the gifts were very trifling; especially when compared with the services rendered and the obligation incurred. But Mrs. Moskey was poor; at least she thought herself so, although well established in a good and lucrative calling. I call it lucrative; it is true a fortune would not accrue from it in a very short time; but to one boarder who cheated her, she had ten who paid well; and I think if it were essential to this story, I could show that if she had husbanded her resources properly, and rated her necessities reasonably, she would have made a very comfortable living. But her habit of mind was to set herself in comparison with every person above her in the scale of wealth, self-indulgence, and worldly distinction; and 'forgetting those things which were behind, to press toward the mark of the high calling' of earthly greatness. Beside she was bilious, and that made her indolent and irritable, indolent, selfish, and would-be fashionable; here was an ocean of wants to which the income of a paltry boarding-house, was not a bucketful. I do not wonder she thought herself poor. But although it is true, that I have not painted Mrs. Moskey very loveable, still, there are much worse people than her in the world. There are those who would have thought the utmost a poor girl in Louisa's situation could have done, would not have entitled her to their good graces. She felt mean at the gifts she offered; but their value was so magnified by the skill exercised in making use of them, that she was restored by it to her own good opinion. It never occurred to her that one principal cause of Louisa's gratitude was the friendly feeling which the gifts

evinced. There are those who value a present only for its intrinsic worth : these are hard to satisfy ; and there are those who take largely into account the feeling which prompts the giver. Oh ! what a world of difference lies between these considerations !

It is not in the nature of feeling to stand still, whether for good or evil ; and Mrs. Moskey began to plan other favors for her niece, which should not cost her an outlay of money. She had the usual knowledge of the prevailing fashion possessed by a dweller in a large city ; and Louisa was neither blind nor stupid. So under their combined efforts the white muslin, the blue ribbon, and Louisa, were converted into quite a distinguished-looking young lady. The latter was pretty, healthy and cheerful ; she had a good figure, a good heart, good sense and a good education : these were her advantages. Boarding-house keepers are, from the nature of their occupation, very apt to be match-makers ; opportunity continually furnishing them with temptation ; and the aunt began to study what old characters of her acquaintance, having money, could be tempted by these goods, against the odds of low-born poverty, to marry her niece.

The eldest of the two little girls was taking her first lessons on the piano ; and Louisa, from sitting by her and taking notice, soon began to acquire an insight into the science of music ; and often would pass a twilight, or an hour when the parlor was otherwise deserted, putting in practice her picked up-knowledge.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I HAD finished my collegiate course, and was about to commence the study of the law under a celebrated counsellor at B —, and for a comfortable (I believe the word means cheap — I know fashionable means dear) boarding-house had been recommended to Mrs. Moskey's. Behold me, green and aspiring, sent into the parlor to await the mistress of the house. The piano suddenly stopped as I entered, and a young woman arose from it hastily, and in charming confusion, and my lost Pleiad stood before me. It was but for an instant, for she left the room immediately. I made no difficulty of my terms with Mrs. M. I could not tell whether I had consented to occupy the garret or the cellar, much less the price. I was ambitious ; I had my way to make in the world. What knowledge I had will be seen by the use I made of it. My head now became entirely filled with this girl.

The white dress and blue ribbon did their full amount of work with me. I took my seat beside her, whenever and wherever she appeared. I walked with her ; I talked with her. She was very intelligent, and had a great deal of harmless drollery, which rendered her exceedingly fascinating. She who had nothing to boast of in family or fortune, and was too conscientious to lie, was consequently never egotistical. Her hands, although by no means bad-looking, she was conscious had seen hard work, and she never displayed them ; either smoothing down the sides of her hair, or playing with her mouth, or in, as it were habitually, running over the keys of Imagination's piano. What won-

der I thought her a high bred lady? How often have I admired the simplicity of her dress; its freedom from tinsel and ornament, which taste indeed had arranged, but I guessed not that poverty had prescribed. I had no distinct intention of marrying immediately; but I was daily getting more and more in love, and I did not conceal it. Indeed, my jealousy broke over all bounds if she appeared to take pleasure in the society of any other person than myself.

This state of things did not at all please Mrs. Moskey. It deranged her plans entirely.

'The family is very respectable, and he is as proud as Lucifer,' she would say. 'Beside, he is so handsome and so talented,' (so she was pleased to say of me,) 'he could marry any girl in B. He would not look at you if he knew your mother worked for her living. If ever Fred. Clacket marries, he will marry for money.'

Louisa nearly choked when these and like innuendoes were thrown out. At last one evening her aunt took her into her room purposely to lay the case in all its bearings before her. After a proper exordium, she continued:

'There is old Captain Smalet would marry you in a moment. There is Quandary; what if he is dowdy? He says you are just the girl he would like to have. And there is Riquets; he drives his carriage and has a beautiful country-seat. Do n't spoil your chance in this way.'

'The old curmudgeons!' exclaimed Louisa, 'I would not marry one of them if I could combine the advantages of all. Who would care to ride in a carriage, if they must have old Riquets always beside them? They say he was a tailor, and a good one too, both for cut and price:

'THAT talent answers various ends, is proved at any rate,
The tailor who can make a man can make a vast estate.'

As for Smalet, his first wife had to carry the bellows to bed to inflate his lungs whenever he had an attack of asthma, for fear the dear old soul might die before the doctor could get to him. No, no, aunt! if I work that hard it shall be for something to gratify my eyes at least:

'WHEN I assume a matron's cares for such old daddy's healths,
Then wealth must borrow Cupid's wings, and Cupid fly on Wealth's.'

'Rhyme is not reason,' interrupted, Mrs. Moskey.

'Do n't you like that?' said Louisa; 'well that is not very good. I'll try again.' But though she spoke banteringly, she sighed bitterly: 'Ah me!'

'SINCE wealth has wings, and love as well,
And even both may fly,
And taste is apt to stay a spell,
I'll try and please my eye.'

'Why child you are crazy, to go on as you do!' again broke in her aunt. 'You are ruining yourself, and all I have done for you is thrown away.'

And here she became so zealous, that she began to threaten; darkly and distantly indeed, just to infuse a slight suspicion into Louisa's mind, that if she did not conduct herself more circumspectly with regard to her lover, she would blow her sky-high in his estimation by telling him

her whole history. To these insinuations Louisa replied humorously: 'Aunt, I'll tell you what:

'I'd rather wash a hundred years to earn a single groat,
Than blow the bellows once a week down Daddy Small-clothes' throat.'

Good night!' It was late, and she went to her own room, weary, disgusted and wretched.

What a change was wrought in her! What was station to her now, if it could not be enjoyed with him she loved? She sat down and reflected on what had been said to her. Neither was it the first time she had so reflected; but such thoughts were painful, and first love is a bright intoxication, an infatuation, a madness! Now, conscience bade her look her own conduct in the face. Was she not tacitly deceiving her lover? And then her mother and her brother came before her, and fancy painted all that money could do for them; but there arose the heart-sickening prospect of marrying ——! 'Bah! Have I not hands? Do I not know how? Is there not work enough to be done? My mother! my brother! there is nothing in this world for me, but I am for you. Oh! how gladly, how eagerly will I work; but not for you, no, not even for you, will I make myself a legal mistress. Not for you, will I insult the holy altar, standing before it to vow a lie; to promise to love and honor where no love, no honor can exist. No! no! no!'

The last words were uttered aloud and resolutely; and as she uttered them, she arose from the statue-like position in which she had been sitting. Determination gave relief to her feelings, and she went to bed, but not to sleep. There was no sleep for her; she could not rest. Thought was torture. Starting up with strong and sudden resolution, she seized her trunk, gathered together her clothes, packed them into it, and dressed herself for travelling. Then taking her lamp, she returned to her aunt's room. That room, which she had left so short a time before, was now silent, save from the deep breathing of the sleeper. Yes, she could sleep. She had filled the heart of another with remorse and bitter anxiety; she had bereft it of the power of rest or peace; and this purely and avowedly for worldly reasons, and then laid down to sleep, saying: 'I have done my duty.' Oh, human beings! who among us, know their duty? This woman really believed she was studying her niece's best interests.

Louisa sat down at her aunt's writing desk and wrote the following note:

'MY FRIEND: Imperious duty calls me suddenly to return to my beloved home. As the cars will leave very early this morning, I shall not see you again, and I cannot resist the temptation of saying: 'Good-by!' Yours,
LOUISA.'

She closed and directed it, saying to herself: 'I ought not to do this but —— I cannot help it.'

With some trepidation she went and placed it in the glass where invitations were usually left, then returning to her aunt's room, she awoke her. The latter was greatly surprised; but Louisa stopped her exclamations, saying: 'My dear aunt, I have thought all night of what you have said: my resolution is taken. It is useless to talk to me: I

want to see my mother. Shall not one of the servants go down with me to the cars ?

Poor Mrs. Moskey ! She had some distant notion of what was right ; she flounced out of bed, and was in great anxiety to do something. She begged Louisa to write to her, and picked up some presents for her sister and nephew ; and as she thought of what a loss she was about to sustain, she asked her to promise to return. Louisa thanked her, kissed her, and left her to go and bid the children good-by ; and then departed from that city, from which she had anticipated so much and realized so little.

‘Oh, dreamer ! where are all your bright hopes now ? How is the air-built castle vanished ! She drops a burning tear over the few and trifling presents which are all she brings in its stead.

Seldom indeed does our fate turn upon the hinges we mould for it. Accident juts in, on every side, and jostles us from the paths we have carefully laid out. Yet although scarcely ever in the way designed, naught is seriously undertaken and eagerly pursued but leads to results curious, astonishing, or it may be ridiculous, even as is the ability and ardor which undertakes. But for apparent accident, what might have been the fate of Bonaparte ? What of Europe ? What of the world ? The shot which pierced the coat of WASHINGTON *might have* ruined America. In all things, a WISE HAND directs, which we too rarely think of. None can fortell the end of any beginning, howsoever wisely planned ; none but that EYE which seeth not as man seeth ; that POWER which has promised repeated blessings on those who trust in it : which is strength to the poor, a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat. Whoso putteth his trust in the LORD, mercy embraceth him on every side. Louisa thought of the overruling DEITY, and trusted.

She arrived at her home. Her mother was in ecstasies of delight at seeing her darling once again. The child’s fancies had faded from her mind so soon as the genius which kept them bright had departed ; and the poor old woman had only moped and mourned at her absence. The little brother had missed his companion, and sighed for her return. There was nothing but joy to greet her. No disappointment weighed on their spirits. No sad recollections clouded the past ; no dismal forebodings darkened the future. For them there was but hope fulfilled, their loved one safe at home. Oh, how bright smiles can make cheerful the humblest abode ! It is not in elevated rank, it is not in splendid furniture ; it is not in costly carriages nor magnificent buildings that happiness dwells ; it is in innocent and loving hearts, wherever they abide. Still Louisa felt as if she had somehow cheated them. Often in wandering about the great city she had ached at her heart’s core for the means of gratifying one single wish : to bring home to her mother and brother a portion of the new and beautiful things she saw every where displayed. The presents her aunt and the children had given her, with the purchases made with all her money, she had carefully hoarded. Yet they seemed such a mere nothing in comparison with what she would have done, had she had the means, that she feared to offer them. But they who had fostered no expectations were made

quite rich, and thought she had accomplished quite enough by her journey. So much are opinions the effect of imagination.

She had worked before for hope; she set to work now to drive away the remembrance of it. She worked harder than before; but her mother lamented that she was not so cheerful. She strove to overcome this. There was a world of agony within her breast; there was a world, also, of resolution. Your self-afflicted dreamers, your mourners over imaginary woes, may afford to be idle, and contemplate their miseries; but action is the antidote to real heart-ache; and as disease instinctively seeks its cure, so will the heart, smarting under real torture, seek relief in employment; in employment as constant as the pain it would forget; in employment as fatiguing as the pain it would wear out.

Louisa kept her promise, and wrote to her aunt; and with longing curiosity awaited an answer. A letter came, but not from Mrs. Moskey: it was from her lover. It was a passionate ebullition of love and pique; of love, full, warm and confiding, which kept no bounds of discretion, and pique at fancied slight. 'Surely there was no part of my conduct that could have made you doubt the sincerity of my affection for you,' said this wise letter; 'and if I did not directly offer to you, as your aunt seems to intimate, was it kind or candid to leave me thus? You knew I could not follow you, talk as they will of love's laughing at impossibilities. I cannot help fancying that some regard for me exists in your heart, or you would not have left me even the small cold remembrance you did. Louisa, has not some one misled you? Has not some one been talking to you who knows nothing of me or my affairs, putting into your head hard and calculating thoughts, unlike yourself?—you, who are the most generous and open-hearted of human beings? Write to me, and tell me all the truth, if it be but to relieve me from suspense. Tell me that you do not love me; that you left me because you are tired of me; that your note was written in pity to a cast-off lover! But I cannot believe it; *you* would not have acted thus. Then tell me, in Mercy's name, why you *did* go so singularly and so suddenly; and I will see if there be not a way and a means of seeing you again, and banishing your doubts.'

This letter, which was suitably closed and signed (and which I think should be inserted in 'The Complete Letter-Writer,' or otherwise it is not complete,) was a sore puzzle to her to whom it was addressed. How could she, how was she, to answer it? Her lover had not misjudged her in saying she was generous and candid; but what to do she knew not. How was she to tell the truth, or how forbear to tell it? Yet the letter made her very happy. Notwithstanding, she felt she must renounce all thought of marrying the author, and she wished to avoid a visit from him if possible. Not that she believed he would hesitate to marry her under any circumstances; how could she *now* think so? But with real love came all its accompaniments. She thought it would be a disadvantage to him; it might mortify his friends and family; lower him among his acquaintances, perhaps, or be a drag-weight to him in his career of ambition. Her resolution being taken, she willingly would have avoided his knowing how far beneath

him she ranked in the scale of society ; that artificial distinction, which is more binding on the conduct and feelings of mankind, from the prince to the peasant, than almost any passion or feeling of our nature ; which will sometimes cause the miser to disregard his gold, the lover his heart, and even the christian his conscience. That love is strong which can lose caste for the object of its love ; that religion we acknowledge to be great and powerful which can make a man condescend to those of low degree. Why, this feeling will make a man, in certain circumstances, think he has done his neighbor a favor just by treating him politely !

Louisa wrote an answer, in which she exerted all her talents to console and please, and at the same time to forbid me hope. Vain task ! Did she love me ? I would compass sea and land to win her : difficulties only stimulated me. I little thought of the great gulf which separated us ; the great gulf of very low station. Had I been a millionaire, I could indeed have built a golden bridge across it ; but the peculiarity of differing grades is such, that, like similar electricities, the more nearly they approach the more certainly they repel each other. However, the time had not yet come to think of this. It is true I had learned that Louisa was poor ; for, as may have been guessed, I had had a talk with Mrs. Moskey ; but that lady had not chosen to be communicative beyond what suited her views, and the word 'poor,' connected with Louisa, to my mind ever represented genteel poverty — 'fallen greatness.'

Our correspondence continued for several weeks, until at last I with joy informed her that I had engaged in some business which would lead me to P ——. How diligently I had sought it ! What an interest I had taken in all matters likely to be transacted there !

Since the visit could not now be avoided, Louisa determined to do what was possible toward increasing the respectability of her family in those eyes which had become the world's to her. Her mother was astounded at the idea of a gentleman visitor. To work they went. Industry can do wonders, and art can do miracles. Some second-hand furniture was purchased at an auction, (Louisa preferred old and good to new and mean), more was solicited in payment of bad debts, and easily obtained. Soon there was a change. A carpet was spread over the floor, curtains were hung at the windows, sofas, chairs, tables, and all the etcetera of household furniture, were in due course provided ; and among the items of a more genteel establishment they did not omit a servant. This latter was a negro girl, about fourteen years of age, whom they picked up in the neighborhood, and to drill whom, to the duties required of her, was both a task and an amusement. Tom was delighted by so many new things ; and hope again, although with many misgiving checks, began to insinuate itself into the heart and cheek, the step and soul, of Louisa. Blithely again she sang at her work : again was her footstep light and her laugh merry.

Winter came on, bringing with it its extra expenses ; and to unite economy with comfort, a fire was made in the parlor. Every evening a tow-cloth was spread before the improved Franklin-stove, the ironing-table set out, and there they cooked, and worked, and anticipated ;

always intending that when the company should come they would all be cleared away, and have the room comfortable to receive him. But, anxious to do as much as possible before that time, and the visitor delaying his coming, they daily continued, until fatigue obliged them to desist. The object being now to provide the utmost for the house in the shortest possible time, no outlays for other purposes were made. Cheerfully they denied themselves every luxury, and almost every comfort, beyond what was necessary to keep them in health. They looked not at butter, they dreamed not of meat; but they fattened on success in their main undertaking.

One evening it occurred to Louisa that her mother was an old woman, and ought not so to deny herself. It had been a cold, stormy day, such a one as it seemed most unlikely a stranger would arrive in, and she proposed to have a feast. Tom clapped his hands at the idea. They sent to the butcher's for some meat, and to the grocer's for eggs, tea and butter; and, the materials collected, the old woman set herself to her heart's delight, the cooking, while Louisa undertook to do up the ironing all by herself. They were all hard at work; the servant had gone to the pump for water; when lo! the long-expected knock at the door!

They regarded each other in ludicrous consternation. All thoughts were upon one object—to clear the room. The mother and daughter seized the ironing-table, and trotted it quickly into the back-room; ready-witted Tom threw the flat-irons, bread, meat, gridiron and kettle into the tow-cloth in one promiscuous huddle, and gathering up the four corners, dragged it after them. Louisa threw off her apron, and returned to the parlor as her mother just cleared the door with the remaining clutter, and the servant ushered in—myself.

I had arrived at the hotel about two hours before, and my first inquiry had been for the family; but the bar-keeper, not dreaming I could mean the washerwoman, knew of no such folks. I had wandered up one street and down another, in wet and wind, despairing in the fruitless endeavor to select from out the houses such as I imagined she must inhabit, the particular one which was her abode. From information previously obtained I knew I was in the right quarter of the town; yet to tell in which building a young lady lives, from the exterior of the same, is not a very promising undertaking, certainly; to question is better. But although I had tried both, I now determined to rely more especially upon the latter, and less upon my good judgment. Looking around for some one to interrogate, my attention was arrested by a negro girl who was paddling along through the wet with a bucket of water. It was the last glimmering of twilight, and she was the only person to be seen; so I accosted her: 'My good girl, can you tell me where Mrs. Goldensoul lives?'

'Yes, Sir; I know where she lives. Is it Miss Louisa or the old woman you want to see? They axes fifty cents a dozen, I b'lieve, and do the mending too. It is very cheap!'

'What?' exclaimed I, no ray of the truth straying across my benighted intellect; 'what do you say? I asked you if you could tell me where Mrs. Goldensoul lives. She has a daughter, Miss Louisa.'

'Oh, may-be you 're the gentleman ! But they 're uncommon busy to-night. Come along ; I 'll show you the way, Miss Lou. says the thermometer is below Jericho, and her mother shall eat one supper if there is not a clean shirt in martyrdom next Sunday morning ! It 'll do well enough for young folks that 's smarty, but old women ought n't to disembowel themselves, any how. Miss Lou. makes grammars, and her mother will call them crumpets ; but she says she shall never be thrown up from the ways of ignorance. She do n't want to wear the black silk and cap. She would rather go to bed. But them that 's good enough for Miss Lou. is good enough for her mother.'

By this time I had followed her up to the door of a dingy, most unprepossessing-looking house, which I inwardly hoped the increasing darkness mystified. I was out of patience, and quite sure there must be some mistake.

'You knock,' said the girl, as she laid her hand upon the door, 'while I go in and tell 'em he 's come. She said I must not open the door until he knocks ;' and setting her bucket down, she stepped inside, and holding the door by the merest crack ajar, stood peeping at me ; waiting apparently to see if I would do as she had desired me. Accordingly, I knocked ; whereupon she opened the door immediately, with a grin on her face that would have answered for a dozen welcomes. Her motions all indicated an inexplicable mixture of delight and embarrassment. Hesitatingly she opened the parlor-door, and giving a peep in, said : 'I think it 's him. I could n't keep him out any longer !' and vanished.

Within the house the scene was more in accordance with my preconceived ideas. Certain it was that Louisa was there, and my recent perplexities faded at once from my imagination. Never had the lady of my love seemed more beautiful or more charming ; and I for a while forgot the world beside in the magic of her society. Presently she mentioned her mother ; and although I earnestly wished that the old lady might be gone to lecture, I took the hint, and hoped I was to have the pleasure of seeing her. The laughing servant was instantly summoned with a small bell, and my message sent out. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour, and when I had again forgotten there was such a being, she made her appearance — black silk and cap ! and the negro girl's chat flashed through my mind, and gave me a spasmodic feeling similar to what the outside of the house had produced, only vastly more intense. Industry is a magician's wand, and had done a great deal ; but it had not turned the hard-working old washerwoman into a fashionable lady.

Once in the street again, and out of Louisa's intoxicating presence, I began to reflect on what I had done, and what I was doing. Should I marry this girl ? Pride answered 'No !' And contemplating giving her up, I fancied I would never marry at all. Her brother, of whom she was so fond, should be a protégé of mine. I would do her all possible favors ; and, in short, try very hard not to break her heart. And then my ideas became indistinct and confused, and wandered away into all sorts of impossibilities. I believed I would do anything, suffer anything, to alter the inexorable destiny which made me afraid and

ashamed to make her my bride: which destiny was not so much a doubt of my ability to maintain her, as it was a belief that I could not do it in a certain style. I had thought also that my wife must be distinguished: I must be envied for her sake. Her family must be something to boast of. Mrs. Moskey was right: I had counted upon a market for my manly attractions, and Louisa could not pay the price. To be loved where I did love was not sufficient; it was not all I asked. Here was the difficulty which separated us. But I did not reason thus at that time. No, I thought of what the world would say; of what my friends would say. 'He has married the daughter of an old washer-woman!' The thought was intolerable. Whither would go my visions and hopes; my dreams of being distinguished and eminent? My vanity and self-conceit I should have looked after, but I did not. I thought (it is astonishing how like are all men to great characters!) of Bonaparte renouncing Josephine, and contrived to see an analogy between his greatness and mine. I thought of other great characters, who have cursed the world by their example. And then I thought of Adam, in the midst of Paradise, reaching out his hand to take the forbidden fruit. The analogy in this instance was not greater than in the other, save that I am sure he did not long for it more than I did for Louisa. At last I thought, and it was the most sensible thought which had occurred to me, that I was a rascal to think of abandoning her now. My whole course of conduct toward her passed in review before me, and forcibly enough returned to mind my first letter, and my assertion that Mrs. Moskey knew nothing of me or of my affairs. Did she not? Did I wish I had not said it? What had been my reply to her answer, telling me not to seek to see her again? Above all, what had been my conduct since? I had, as it were, forced her to confide in me: to desert her now would be base, mean, dastardly. Oddly enough, I was glad when I had come to this conclusion. If I had been guilty of consummate folly, I resolved at least that I would not add to it deliberate wickedness.

During this conflict of the passions of love and pride, I had arrived at my hotel. There lay, upon the mantle-piece of my room, a copy of the New Testament. Without reflection, I took it up, and opened accidentally to our SAVIOUR's temptation, where Satan taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth unto him all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him: 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' How forcible was the contrast to the thought recently in my mind! Adam, surrounded by every delight, fell for a single forbidden fruit; the SAVIOUR, hungry and solitary, was tempted with all this world can offer, and fell not. Yes, the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them—these are our daily temptations; and for these we daily fall down and worship—ay, the Devil. And was I not in the very act of doing him homage when I would so ill-treat that lovely and unprotected girl? Yes, and tear out my own heart also, to lay it a sacrifice upon his worldly altar! I felt disgusted with myself. I resolved again to do otherwise—to do better.

The next day I saw Louisa again, and as I had had some work to do to

bring myself to a right conclusion, so had I still more to make her consent to our immediate union; for with the usual consistency of a human being, I, who the day before did not believe I would marry her at all, now declared that my prosperity depended on this last proposition. My determination being taken, I had resolved at once that they could not too soon, for my pride, quit their present mode of life, and I well knew it could not be done in any other way.

All my plans of life were now changed; or rather it became necessary for me to have a plan, and not to dream any more. And first I wrote to my mother a full account of what I had done, and received for reply: 'My son, be always honorable, just and generous, and you will be always right.' Also came a letter from my brother, saying: 'Dear Fred., I understand you are about to be married to a very worthy girl, a bricklayer's daughter. (I had, in my account to the family, substituted the father's occupation for the mother's.) I hope you will prove yourself worthy of her. Moreover, I intend that this, my reply to your letter, shall gain me a considerable number of votes, and beg you will speak of it accordingly; it will not interfere with your own capital. I believe you are a cunning fellow, and I have a great mind to envy you your luck. Had my father been a wood-sawyer, or my mother a washerwoman, or myself a blacksmith, I believe I could have won my last election. Yours, Frank.' Thus was the first great bug-bear of my imagination, what would my family say, answered. As for the world in general, they did not send in their opinions in writing.

My next business was to hire an office in P —, and look me out a respectable house, both of which I furnished as well as the means at my disposal would permit, feeling all the while as if I had renounced the world, which means that I believed the world would certainly renounce me.

And Louisa and I were married. After which I had insisted that my mother-in-law should no longer work for the public. 'No, Lou,' said I, 'if I cannot make out to maintain you all, you must be content to starve with me.' 'Nobody will know it,' urged the old woman. But I insisted strenuously that no such idea should be for an instant entertained; and making it a matter of personal favor to myself, my wishes were acceded to. I hired a carriage to take us all, after the wedding, to our new home; whereupon Mrs. G. and Tom. were of opinion that Louisa's castle of fancy had come down to her, so great was their sense of elevation. It was now their turn to talk, while Louisa and I were silent. For us, although no pomp of circumstance attended our simple wedding, there was deep and heartfelt happiness. I had acted rightly and honorably, in my own estimation, (oh, the blessing of a clear conscience!) and I was married to a woman whom I felt that I loved as I never could have loved again any other upon earth. No, not although I had found another as beautiful and as talented, which was scarcely to be looked for, with wealth and friends, and all to boast, another would not have been the same; another would not have been my first love. And with these reflections there came a sense of manliness and independence, which actually seemed to expand my

frame, and made me feel more like a man than ever I had felt before in my life. If there rested a shadow of anxiety upon my feelings, it was a fear that I might not have success in my business, and that what I had said in my haste would even prove a prophecy, and they would have to starve with me. How little I knew the world indeed!

I was earnestly attentive to my business. I associated with men of business, and to business alone I applied myself. My home was the abode of neatness and cheerfulness. What bright smiles ever greeted me there! What devoted hearts sought my comfort! I was a happy man. My business increased; and when at the end of a year I settled up my accounts, I found that so far from being in debt my income had exceeded my expenses. As for my clothes, one of the blessings of the Israelites seemed suddenly to befall some of them; my shirts did not wax old, nor my stockings wear out, for the garments, which were always mended, seemed never to wear out. How white was the linen washed by such careful hands! How sweet, how healthful the viands, where affection plead for economy, and economy was influenced by affection! In every part of my domestic establishment did devoted love show its superiority to careless wealth. How could I do otherwise than grow rich, with my interests so carefully attended to? My acquaintances thought it worth their while to notice my wife. My constituents boasted of my independence; and not without reason, for my eyes were opened to the real independence of an American citizen; to the nobility of birth, indeed the born of noble hearts; not of wealthy manors, not of lordly titles! My mother-in-law has become reconciled to her black silk and cap; and the kind-hearted, clever old soul, has nursed me through so many bad colds, and helped me through so many trifling dilemmas, that I have come to think her cheerful face and sound sense quite as valuable as a fashionable air. Tom has gone to college, and Louisa rides in her carriage, holding as distinguished a position as wealth and real merit can bestow. As adversity did not sour their tempers, so neither has prosperity hardened their hearts. That religion which was the support of the former caused the latter to overflow with good deeds, which are all the more judiciously planned and executed from the experience of privation and the practical knowledge of the ways and means of the poor. They have not thought it necessary to forget the friends and acquaintances of their obscurity; and their universal affability, and particular good opinion of myself, has added its quantum to my present popularity, so that, for my especial benefit, I do not know where I could have found a more influential family. And I myself have the comfortable reflection, that I neither courted the rich nor ill-treated the poor to win my present prosperity.

EPIGRAM.

EUPEPTIC ALCOTT, furious against meat,
Says men assimilate to what they eat;
Mutton makes sheepish, pork turns souls to swine,
And so should we on vegetables dine:
Granted: 'Ye gods! on what's this ALCOTT fed?'
On greens, potatoes small, and coarse bran-bread!

THE YOUNG ROMANCER.

MOTHER, come lay by your knitting,
 Little you know what you miss,
 In the dark ante-room sitting,
 Losing such beauty as this;
 Now while the red glow of sunset
 Gilds every quivering cloud,
 If you will list I will tell you
 Tales of the mighty and proud:

Fitting this shadowless twilight,
 Tranquil and fragrant and bland,
 Fitting this stillness to wander
 Over a fanciful land;
 Breathing the dreams of my spirit,
 Fearless, my mother, and free,
 Weaving my thoughts, like my flowers,
 Into a garland for thee.

Castles and knights and fair ladies
 Themes of my story I'll make;
 Lords shall be courtly and gentle,
 Hearts, too, in plenty to break;
 Moats, and drawbridges, and chambers
 Haunted with whisper and sigh,
 Spectres, all restless and frightful,
 Hurrying silently by.

Walls shall be storied with paintings,
 Lined with grim faces, and old;
 Domes shall uprear their proud arches,
 Covered and blazing with gold;
 Fountains shall play in the gardens,
 Forests rise stately behind,
 Deer on the velvet lawn gambol,
 Bugles ring soft on the wind.

Mother, the zephyrs shall revel
 Through marble chapel and hall,
 Playing outside, where the delicate
 Moss and green-ivy leaves crawl;
 Then, as the turrets are bathing
 In the mild lustre of night,
 There shall come forth a fair woman,
 Gleaming in jewels and white.

Mother, her face shall be lovely,
 Clear as pale azure her eye,
 Cheeks like yon crimson now floating
 On the pure brow of the sky;
 Hair like the blush of soft sunshine
 On the bright polish of gold,
 Teeth like the pearl-drops that whiten
 In ocean's fathomless fold.

In the west wing of the castle
 Brave men and merry shall sit,
 Shouting in boisterous laughter,
 Mingling their wine and their wit;
 Two shall be proud, cold and gloomy,
 Each hating the other shall be,
 All for the love of the lady
 Out in the moonlight, you see.

Now in the dim-lighted armory,
 Hung round with corslets of mail,
 Stalk those two deep-smitten lovers,
 Vengeful, half frantic and pale;
 Each has his shining blade ready,
 Smothered with passion each voice:
 'Stop! e'er we fight for the lady,
 Let her fair lips speak her choice.'

Then I must make them go softly
 (Hunting the lady, you know)
 Down in the long stately garden,
 Where bending cypress-trees grow;
 While from the stained Gothic windows
 Shouts of the wassail are flung
 On the still language of even,
 Like a coarse tale that is sung.

Then how they creep to her bower,
 Cowardly knights that they be!
 Ho! there's another before them!
 Back! 't is a stranger they see,
 Clad not in garb of a noble;
 Shame! he is whisk'ring of love!
 Draw they their blades, yet they listen,
 Ready to rescue the dove.

What, doth she smile on him? madness!
 Gently he raises her hand,
 Then on bent knee doth he kiss it,
 Kisseth the first of the land!
 Blankly they gaze on each other,
 Quickly each sword is laid low;
 Linked arm in arm, both together,
 Back to the castle they go.

Whisper they low to her brother
 Words of dark meaning and shame;
 And, as they lean on his shoulder,
 Hissingly murmur *her* name.
 See how his swarthy cheek flushes!
 See the sharp glow in his eye!
 'Thank ye, lords,' whispers he darkly;
 'S'death! but the dastard shall die!'

Now he is hurrying thither ;
 Now, mother, murder is there !
 And the fair maiden is frantic,
 Flinging her shrieks on the air.
 Up to the wall she has hurried,
 Where it o'erhangeth the moat,
 Moaning ' For aye and forever,
 There let poor MARIAN float !'

Fifty feet down she hath plunged,
 Mangled her body and torn,
 All for the death of a lover
 Who was not loftily born.
 Father and kindred in sadness
 Weep by the fireless hearth,
 For the mad hate of a stranger,
 Noble in all but in birth.

Washington, D. C.

Now is the castle in ruins,
 Nought but the walls to be seen,
 And a thick bunch of the ivy,
 Mid desolation yet green ;
 Drawbridge and moat and old garden
 All have been crumbled by time,
 Crumbled to dust and to ashes,
 Yet tell they mutely of crime.

Wearily glideth a spectre
 By the black ruins at night,
 Ever bemoaning her lover,
 While the cold moon lingers bright ;
 Peasants will shudder and tell you
 Softly of spirits they see :
 Mother, my story is finished ;
 Here comes the summons to tea !

MRS. C. W. DENISON.

A WALK IN A CHURCH-YARD.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A FEW Sundays ago, while strolling in one of the suburbs of the city, I entered an old Catholic burying-ground, in the neighborhood of which I used to live, and within the precincts of which I had spent many an hour. Inside of the enclosure is a small church, which then was occupied by a regular congregation, but now is used only as a chapel for the burial-service for the dead. From a distance the spot has a neat and romantic appearance, being situated on a green slope, with its little chapel of brick nearly hidden from view by a cluster of fine old trees, whose dark foliage throws a sombre hue over the scene, in unison with the purpose to which the place is consecrated. A closer inspection, however, will disappoint one, for signs of slovenliness and the grossest neglect are every where seen, and the visitor cannot help contrasting it unfavorably with the Protestant cemeteries in the neighborhood, where wealth and taste have been lavished until they have become literally gardens and pleasure-grounds for the living, as well as burial-places for the dead. Indeed, the condition of too many of our Catholic burying-grounds reflects no little discredit on those who are responsible for it. This, however, I am fully persuaded, is not chargeable to the people. They, the children of Exile and Poverty, have done what they could, as the numerous monuments, some of them tasteful and highly ornamental, sufficiently testify. The fault lies rather in the authorities of the church, who from the sale of burial privileges draw a lucrative revenue, no part of which is expended, as it should be, to keep the grounds in repair. Consequently, in quite too many instances, the 'consecrated ground' in our country is but a naked,

dreary enclosure, without tree or shrub to hide its ghastliness; with grave-stones broken and prostrate, dilapidated walls, and a sickening stench; in fact, a place altogether repulsive in its appearance, and too often a downright nuisance to the neighborhood.

And yet no people perhaps excel the Irish in their affectionate remembrance of the dead. This sentiment is a national trait in their character; and there are few families among them in our community, however poor they may be, that cannot point to the monument, either of granite or marble, or the humbler one of slate or wood, beneath which sleeps the dust of some of their kindred. The enclosure of which I have spoken is wholly blocked up with these memorials; and there is hardly one of them which has not connected with its history some tale of touching self-denial in the survivors who erected it; of privations and toil undergone for weeks and months, and sometimes years, while scraping together the means to pay for it.

At the bottom of this little field, in one corner, is a tall granite obelisk, the loftiest and costliest in the yard. Since I last saw it, however, it has been somewhat disfigured by a trellis which has been raised against it—the suggestion of affectionate remembrance rather than of taste—over which an evergreen has climbed to the very top. This stone marks the spot where sleeps a mother and her son. The former, who was a widow with only this one child, died first; and the boy, then but eighteen, and an apprentice to a stone-cutter, immediately on the burial of his mother formed the resolution of erecting a monument to her memory that should mark out her grave above all others. He was but an apprentice, as already stated, with scarcely the means to keep himself in food and decently clad; but, under the impulse of that beautiful sentiment to which I have already alluded as a national trait, he set himself to the pious task with a resolute will, and pursued it with indomitable perseverance. His evenings and holidays were all devoted to this one object, and the hours of sleep often entrenched upon; and yet nearly two years were consumed before he approached the termination of his task. He reached it at last. The tall obelisk stood in his master's yard, and the marble block inserted in it was already inscribed with the name and virtues of the deceased, and his own filial remembrance of them, when Death laid his hand also upon the sculptor. In less than a fortnight from the time when he put the last chisel-touch to his labor of love, he was himself borne to the grave, and his cold form laid side by side with that of his mother; and another name was added, and other hands than his lifted the monument of his toil and affection over the remains of both parent and child.

A short distance from this obelisk, a little to the right, is a spot to me of peculiar interest. It is the grave of a young woman who, as the simple stone cross at the head tells us, was from the county of Wexford, Ireland, and who was buried in the twentieth year of her age. She had been in this country but a few months when she died; and, as I learned from one who knew her, if she had lived but four weeks longer she would have been married to a young man to whom she was betrothed long before in their native land. With what singleness of heart he had loved her was told in the affectionate care he bestowed

upon her grave. Every weed was sedulously plucked from its vicinity; the rank grass waved not near it; while the choicest flowers bloomed, it seemed in almost perpetual verdure, over the little mound that covered her remains. Nor did this appear enough to the survivor. In the season of flowers, every Sunday morning a fresh bouquet of the loveliest, which he knew so well how to cultivate, was tied to a wooden stake at the foot, and a green wreath hung on an arm of the little stone cross at the head. And later still, when the garniture of summer had faded, and out-door flower and leaf were swept away, the hot-house yielded its treasures, and it was not uncommon then to see the rich dyes of summer contrasted with the glittering frost around that favored spot. Yet, choice as were these offerings in their beauty and fragrance, no one was ever molested, and they remained sacred from human touch until each recurring Sabbath-morning brought fresher ones to take their places. But a sad change is now visible here. What has become of the lover—whether he be living or dead—I have not been able to learn. Certain it is, the little grave, once guarded and decked with such pious care, is now utterly neglected. The tread of the living has nearly obliterated the land-marks; weeds and rank grass have sprung up around and covered it; but the stone cross is there, and at its foot the little round stake, with the withered stems of the last bouquet still tied to it, though nearly two seasons have passed since flower and leaf were scattered on the ground, or floated with their fragrance away with the autumn winds.

In one corner of this yard I noticed, some years ago, a bit of board, scarcely bigger than a shingle, stuck at the head of an humble grave, in which was buried a young Swiss emigrant. The material and the execution of this little memorial indicated a condition in the survivors of the most helpless poverty. At the top were cut, in the rudest characters, evidently with a dull knife, the mystic letters 'I. H. S.'; and underneath, 'Wilhelmina, Basle, Switz.: aged fifteen.' On this humble grave, too, I have seen flowers scattered, in their season; not, it is true, of cultured beauty, like those which bloomed over the gardener's love, but only such simple wild ones as affectionate Poverty could gather in fields not its own.

The wooden monuments are quite a peculiarity in this yard. They may be seen of all shapes—slabs, crosses, urns, and obelisks; the inscriptions on some of them, 'this stone,' etc., exemplifying another trait in the Irish character, which will readily recur to the reader. A few of these wooden stones are lettered with some little taste and care, but too many are disfigured by the rudest scrawls and the most ludicrous blunders. In this respect, however, they but share in common with their more ambitious neighbors.

While alluding to inscriptions, I will copy a few that may be found here, and which are noticeable; some for their simplicity or beauty, and others for entirely different qualities. Many of the epitaphs are new to me, though they may all be familiar to the reader. One of the most beautiful marble slabs in the field was erected by a sister to an only brother. After enumerating his virtues, the inscription closes with

a beautiful quatrain, the first line of which I presume was intended to be read thus :

‘Farewell, sweet brother of my heart!’

Unfortunately, however, the sculptor has left out the *r* in the first syllable of the word brother, thus giving to the whole quite a roguish and Tom. Mooreish expression.

Near by is a memorial of filial affection, closing with the following neat epitaph :

‘A HUSBAND kind, a father dear,
In quiet rest reposes here;
No sorrow clouds his faded brow,
Or breaks his peaceful slumbers now.’

Close to this may be seen a stone erected by a wife ‘in gratitude for the death of her beloved husband, Patrick ———;’ and scarcely a step farther on, a ‘weeping husband’ has placed a monument over his departed spouse, as a ‘memorial of his grief, love, and respects!’ A rod from this a slab marks the spot where rest an aged couple, and invokes Heaven to have mercy on their ‘soles.’ And side by side with it stands another, on which the sculptor seems to have made an attempt to suit the orthography to the Hibernian brogue. The beginning of the inscription, taking the words in the order in which they occur, will make a very passable couplet, though it does not appear in that form on the stone. It commences thus :

‘CHRISTIAN breithren, of your charity,
Pray for the *souls* of THOMAS GARETY.’

In another part of the yard I find the following epitaph, which strikes me as being very felicitous :

‘HERE to thy bosom, Mother EARTH,
Take back what thou hast given,
And all that is of saintly birth
Recall, O God! in peace to Heaven.’

A stone over the remains of a young girl, who ‘died in the hope of a blessed resurrection,’ contains the following old but exquisite lines :

‘DUST to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its God on high :
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.’

On the grave-stone of Mr. Thomas Murray may be found the following rare specimen of the double negative :

‘No friends nor physicians could not save
My mortal body from this grave ;
Nor this grave could not confine me here
When the LORD shall call me to appear!’

I shall notice at present but one more of these inscriptions, and that is on the monument of a distinguished doctor of the church, and a most accomplished linguist, whose eloquence, piety and learning were widely known and honored by all sects in his lifetime, and are not forgotten now. His virtues, and they were many, are duly commemorated on this stone, which, as we are told near the close of the inscription, ‘was

honorably erected to his memory by his friends and admirers;' and then follows the epitaph, thus:

'Requiescant in peace!'

This, from a church which prides itself on its Latinity, and over the grave, too, of one of its most learned doctors, is ludicrous enough.

Somewhere in this ground, I believe, though as yet no stone marks the spot, were laid, some twelve months since, the remains of a young man, whose untimely and awful death struck all hearts with grief. On him had been bestowed the fatal gift of eloquence without the balanced mind that should accompany it, to guard its possessor from the snares of which the world has too many for the impulsive children of genius. Those who have ever heard his eloquent voice in our assemblies, when pleading in behalf of his native land, will not soon forget the thrilling tones of that voice, nor the thundering plaudits with which his warm-hearted countrymen answered its impressive appeals. The child of poor parents, and self-educated, he had while yet a boy fought his way up to a respectable position in society. He was the idol of his friends; fame and honor were wooing his footsteps; and had he not turned aside, and stumbled in the mire, he might perhaps have reached the topmost round of distinction. But adulation and flattery followed him at every turn, and made him giddy; the temptations of social life met him at the threshold, and he turned aside and dallied; the fatal glass touched his lips, and he drank; until at last Intemperance laid an unyielding grasp upon him, and he became a helpless victim to its power; and then, sad finale to his short and warning career, Death, in its most awful power, struck him from the earth. And yet, though he died as all of us should pray to God we may never die, yet he left behind many friends who loved him, and will cherish in perpetual greenness the remembrance of his virtues, while they lament in secret his folly and his untimely death.

*'On! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.*

*'But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.'*

SONNET: THE SEA-SHELL'S MURMUR.

As in the shell once cradled on the billow,
Though torn from home, and far from Ocean's shore,
Lingers a murmuring song, so like the roar
Of whispering waves, that, lay it on his pillow,
(The land-bound sailors, voyaging no more,
He dreams of wandering by the restless main,
Of sailing o'er some sunny sea again,
And lives the varied scenes of sea-life o'er:
So go where'er I may, whate'er befall,
Thy cherished gifts a spell have for my heart;
They bear me back to that which gives them all
Their power to bring thee to me as thou art,
And just as soon thy love forgot may be
As ocean-shells forget to murmur of the sea.

J. K. B.

THE WIDOW'S REPROOF.

BY 'GRETTA.'

I.

NAY! do I hear your words aright,
 And can it surely be
 That you can speak again of luv,
Another luv to me!
 Oh, DONALD, DONALD! I hae thought
 You were a better friend,
 Than thus the heart of ane sae lone
 Wi' words like these to rend.

II.

Can you speak thus, when here you ken,
 Beneath this very sky,
 We pledged our faithful hearts in words
 The angels heard on high.
 Can you, wha ken'd my ain lang-syne,
 Wha ken'd the gentle dead,
 Believe that when his life-strings burst
 My luv should then hae fled?

III.

Because nae mair we fondly meet,
 As once we fondly met,
 And the starry curtain's drawn between,
 Can I go and forget?
 Can I leave his grassy mound, DONALD,
 Alone for ever mair,
 With the violet and the buttercup
 The only watchers there?

IV.

How oft at eve beneath this tree
 I've sung when he was nigh,
 Or from his bosom watched the orbs
 Shine out from yon blue sky!
 How oft we marked the sunset clouds
 Grow dimmer and mair dim!
 Oh, could I gaze wi' you on scenes
 I gazed on ance wi' him?

V.

What! do you say that I should fly
 To ither scenes mair glad,
 Where nought should meet my een again
 That ever made me sad?
 I'm ganging soon mysel', DONALD,
 I'm ganging soon, I feel;
 But the country I shall visit, DONALD,
 Is the blessed Land of o' the Leal!

VI.

Oh, cauld, cauld is the grave, DONALD,
Where lowly lies my pride,
But cauld, cauld is the world
Since my poor DUNCAN died !
Its storms are blawing round my heart,
And beating round my brow ;
Oh, would this trembling form were laid
Beside that dear one's now !

VII.

Ah ! do you say that I am fair,
Too fair a thing to flee ;
That the lily's light is on my brow,
And a starbeam in my e'e ?
Oh, I am glad to hear you say
My beauty is not fled,
For it only makes me lang the mair
To lie beside the dead !

VIII.

He went down in his pride, DONALD,
Wi' that blue tender e'e
As brightly glad as when it turned,
First turned its light on me :
He went down in his pride, DONALD,
And I would join him there,
Ere Time has touched the brow he luv'd,
Or blanch'd the golden hair.

IX.

He comes to me at night, DONALD,
He comes in dreams of bliss ;
For the God who took him kens my heart
Would break if not for this :
He comes to me at night, DONALD,
And oh ! he looks sae bright,
That I can see he has been bathed
In Heaven's eternal light !

X.

And then he faulds me in his arms,
And holds me to his heart,
And tells me of that far, far hame,
Where we never mair shall part :
He sometimes wakes me wi' the strain
He then sae sweetly sings,
For oh ! the song he must have learned
While angels swept the strings !

XI.

I rise up in the morn, DONALD,
To my loneliness again,
And through the lang, lang day, DONALD,
My thoughts are wi' my ain :
And I watch the setting sun, DONALD,
Sink down in yon broad wave,
But then I turn to see, DONALD,
Its beams upon his grave.

XII.

Then can I list to ye, DONALD,
 Then can I list to ye?
 My heart is a' anither's, DONALD,
 I cannot gie it thee:
 The shadow of my husband still
 Is round me every where,*
 And the luvie that 's a' his own, DONALD,
 Ye must na ask to share.

XIV.

Then gang, and speak nae sae again,
 For I wauld na gie my dead
 For the proudest laird alive, though he
 Wooed me in tears to wed.
 Oh, DUNCAN! DUNCAN! canst thou hear
 Thy fearfu'-hearted wife?
 Then ask thy GOD to grant to her
 Wi' thee eternal life!

Baltimore, 1840.

A DAY AT UTICA:

OR THE FIRST HOUSE-WARMING.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

ABOUT half a century ago, a gentleman from Holland erected in Utica a brick building three stories in height, which is still standing. It may well have been deemed gigantic at the period of its construction, for it has lately been formed into two spacious private dwelling-houses by a very little modernization of the original mass. The building was constructed for a tavern, and on its front-wall the word 'Hotel' was painted in letters which were severally four feet tall; though nothing now remains to chronicle the former occupation of the house except that the street which it faces retains the name of 'Hotel-street.' The house had four large chimneys towering above the lofty roof, and a large lightning-rod rose above each chimney; so that people who lived in the vicinity would come many miles to view the building, as one of the curiosities of the period; and so little were the beholders conversant with kindred establishments, that the word 'Hotel' constituted a sort of puzzle as to the manner in which it should be pronounced, and public usage finally became settled in placing the accent on the first syllable instead of the second, as is practised by the initiated in the mysteries of orthoepy. The mistake may have originated with the proprietor, who, speaking English but poorly, may

* This remark is said to have been made by an Indian woman when solicited to enter into a second union.

have misled the infant community into the adoption of his Dutch accentuation of the word.

The existing inhabitants of the Central City are more beholden for their civic consequence to the above building than they are probably aware, though its enterprising projector was not exempt from pecuniary personal motives in its construction. He was part owner with several opulent Hollanders of a large tract of country in and around Utica, and his business in our country was to manage and dispose of the common property, as the general agent of the proprietors. He saw that the position of Utica was favorable to the production of a large town, and that a great tavern would be profitable in itself and beneficial to prospective interests. The Mohawk river, how unfitted soever for navigation we may now deem its shallow meanderings, was then the only avenue by which merchandise could be brought from the city of New-York into Upper Canada, and into our own western inland new settlements; while the downward current of the river greatly facilitated a transmission to the Atlantic of the furs and heavier articles of pot and pearl ashes which began to be manufactured in large quantities, as the forests were swept by fire, in the double purpose of manufacturing the ashes and preparing the land for husbandry.

Nor was the founder of the hotel mistaken in his anticipations. The house was no sooner tenanted and properly furnished than it was found to be the general stopping-place during the day and the rendezvous at night for all travellers; and in addition to the river travel, a state-road had just been cut through from Utica to Canandaigua, thus creating a very important new avenue into the heart of a rich country, with a tide of emigration tending rapidly thither.

The first landlord that occupied the house was a Mr. Schwartz, who, with his wife, were a young couple of Dutch descent; and they had already enjoyed some little experience in tavern-keeping. Their intelligence and suavity caused them to be selected by the proprietor as proper persons to give due effect to his experiment; and he determined that a grand 'house-warming,' in the shape of a large public dinner, should be given by way of encouraging the landlord and adding eclat to the new establishment. The preparation for such a feast was no small operation at the period in which it occurred, and even Albany had to be visited for the procurement of some extra luxuries and extra conveniences; so that the dinner was delayed until some weeks after the hotel had been opened for general purposes; but the interval was well employed in disseminating information of the contemplated festival and in inviting the attendance of guests from far and near.

Many circumstances conspired to enlarge the contemplated gathering. A number of persons in different parts of the state, and some in Connecticut, projected the creation of a turnpike from Utica to Canandaigua, on the state-road already formed; and the time for a meeting, which was expected to be large, of all persons favoring the new project, was with a little management planned to be held at Utica on the day of the contemplated house-warming. A like management succeeded in designating the same time and place for a public meeting of

persons who contemplated, by means of locks at Littlefalls and Woodcreek, the formation of a continuous flat-boat navigation between Schenectady and Lake Ontario. Patriotism was also invoked to supply guests, by designating for the house-warming the fourth of July, when a grand celebration of independence was to be undertaken in a grove at the rear of the hotel, with a public oration by a young attorney (Francis A. Bloodgood) who had just opened a law-office in Utica. On the fourth the state paid an annual stipend to the Oneida Indians, and the commissioners who were sent for that purpose from Albany were also pledged to join the dinner party; thus conferring on it a sort of diplomatic dignity.

As the important day tended toward its advent, the bustle of preparation at the hotel increased in intensity, and great was the anxiety for the arrival from Albany of a quantity of green peas which had been ordered, as a premature luxury, to add piquancy to the feast and wonder to the guests. Unfortunately, no peas were found at Albany, and they had to be ordered from New-York; and great were the hopes and fears as to their arrival in due season, to-morrow being the fourth of July. The day wore away, and still no tidings were received of the peas, whose presence seemed to grow in general importance as the chance of their arrival diminished. They had been publicly spoken of as a type of the kind of fare that the guests were to receive; and the villagers took as much interest in the arrival as the host, who had been constantly questioned during the day by all his neighbors, till he became excessively nervous, as to the information which he possessed on the subject.

Night came without the peas, but it brought a more absorbing difficulty to at least one of the actors in the busy scene that was to be enacted on the morrow. The only child of the hostess, a little daughter of two years old, became violently ill of the rapid and fatal disorder called croup. The symptoms had shown themselves for the last two days, but they had been mistaken for an ordinary cold; but now the insidious disorder, having fast hold of its victim, assumed its horrid form of impending instant strangulation. The mother had just completed the labors of the day, and was preparing for a brief repose, when the child's danger, no longer mistakeable, sounded in her ears the alarm of death. No doctor lived in Utica, but some mile therefrom resided Doctor Coventry, a Scotch physician of much merited celebrity. For him a messenger was speedily despatched in a wagon, but before he could arrive the day had begun to dawn, and death had performed its office on the child. The landlord was not deficient in parental tenderness, but his urgent duties hardened his nerves beyond the depression of his loss. But not thus felt the mother. Pecuniary influences seem but comparatively little operative on women. She was stricken to the heart, and grief would claim its mastery over her, despite all the persuasions of her husband and his friends. She withdrew to the bed on which her dead infant lay, and by its side the doctor saw her kneel, and apparently resign herself to intense devotion, in silent prayer. She knew not that he was observing her, nor would he permit her to be intruded on by the impatient domestics, who were anxi-

ous to obtain her directions. Shortly, however, she voluntarily emerged from the room in apparent resignation, and proceeded with serenity to the occupations which the day required. The doctor was never wearied during after years in relating the deep impression which the scene produced on him, and to add, that several times in the progress of the day, when grief seemed to renew its supremacy over her, he saw her withdraw into the room of death for the same tranquillizing process, and speedily return therefrom with renewed endurance.

The death was carefully concealed from the guests who were in the house, and from subsequent arrivals, lest this new incident in the programme of a day that was to be wholly devoted to hilarity should cast a gloom over the festivity. Nothing more, however, occurred that was disastrous; even the green peas arrived in time for the dinner. The expected guests all arrived, with many that were unexpected; and among them a son of the then President of the United States, returning from a long and venturesome journey to the Falls of Niagara; some Scotch gentlemen, who were proceeding to the West in connection with a large landed estate belonging to an English baronet, whose descendants still own a portion thereof; some Dutch self-expatriated patriots, who had left Holland when the first attempt failed of subverting the power of the Stadtholder, and who intended to settle on lands near Utica belonging to the Holland Company; and some Frenchmen on their way to Canada from the massacre of St. Domingo, and many other persons arrived, of whom nothing was known.

The oration was pronounced at noon to an unprecedented crowd of delighted listeners. The subjects of such discourses were then unhackneyed, and among the auditors were usually many persons who had participated personally in the events that were celebrated. Such were the present auditors; and among them was one, an early settler of Utica, Colonel Walker, who had been an aid of General Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis.

After the oration, a very large part of the assembled crowd proceeded to the hotel, where the long-expected dinner was finally, at about three o'clock, after an immense effort, smoking on the table of a large assembly-room, that extended the whole width of the second-story of the building. The guests, with occasional exceptions, were strangers to each other, except the slight acquaintance which during the day they had contracted by participating in a common amusement; but the parties who were known to each other became separated at the dinner-table, where seats had been taken in a promiscuous rush for places, under a mistaken apprehension that of so large a number all could not be seated.

The delay of the dinner had sharpened the appetites of the partakers, but the abundant supply of solid eatables soon gave leisure for a circulation of wines and the stronger drinks which were the fashion of the period. While thus the different courses of the feast were succeeding each other, amid patriotic toasts and already sated appetites, a young man who had been rather remarkable for his diffidence started from his seat in great agitation, and announced hesitatingly, and not over loud, that he had entered the room with a large sum of money in his

pocket-book, the entire proceeds of a boat-load of furs which he had taken from Canada to New-York, and that the pocket-book was lost.

A deep silence succeeded this disclosure, especially as it had been uttered in a manner which intimated, as strong as the timidity of the speaker would permit, that the money had been stolen, and that the theft had been committed in the room.

A gentleman on the opposite side of the table hereupon rose, and said he was exceedingly sorry that the common festivity should be disturbed by such an occurrence, and he was still more sorry to announce that the pocket-book had been stolen, and that the theft had been committed in the room, and by an unworthy guest now at the table. 'I saw it taken,' said the speaker, 'and the miscreant who took it is before me. I intended not to interrupt the harmony of the day, but to have waited till the company were about to separate before I arrested the offender and obtained a restitution of the property.'

While he was thus speaking, every person's attention was directed to a young and gaily-dressed man, who sat opposite to the speaker, and whose countenance displayed the mortification of exposed guilt. He had been too plainly pointed at by the speaker to leave in himself any doubt of detection, and he therefore drew from an inner pocket the fatal book and burst into tears. A high excitement instantly agitated the company. Some vociferated for the expulsion of the offender, others for his imprisonment, and others for corporeal chastisement.

In the midst of these conflicting vociferations, an old French gentleman, of known respectability, and who had long been distinguished through the state for his wealth and philosophical liberality of sentiment, arose and thus addressed the meeting: 'The offender who has abused the patriotic sanctity of the day, and hazarded an imputation upon us all, is a stranger to me; but his youth and general appearance indicate that he is not accustomed to guilt, nor a willing object of disgrace. I shall not undertake to conjecture the motive which has impelled him to commit an act that places his liberty in imminent peril, and to commit it under circumstances that are well calculated to excite honorable aspirations. I cannot, however, avoid some commiseration for him, especially as I have long entertained an opinion which, though it may expose me to misconstruction, and perhaps obloquy, I will still announce for the benefit of the offender.

'The opinion to which I have referred is not the offspring of misanthropy, but is founded on a severe review of my own life, conjoined with an impression that I am not worse than other men, nor very different. Many of you know me, and I believe I may venture to say that my character is without reproach; still I must candidly admit that I am indebted for it somewhat to chance, rather than to an exemption from all acts that can mar a man's reputation; and while I would not wish to imply that I ever committed any act like that which has occasioned these remarks, yet I have committed acts that, if detected as inopportunistly and suddenly as this has been, might have been fatal to my character, and perhaps ruinous to my subsequent hopes of prosperity. I have even thought that the vindictiveness with which crimes are prosecuted, and the eagerness with which detection of evil deeds

is promulgated, are somewhat induced by a consciousness of our own frailties. We seem anxious to attempt a manifestation of our own innocence by an ostentatious horror at the guilt of other men; and I have found that a man is naturally tempted to make such manifestations in proportion to his consciousness of self-deficiencies and ill-desert. The only one of our race who never knew sin, exhibited a remarkable exemption from such vindictiveness; let us manifest our purity by imitating his placability, and, like him, say to this erring young man 'depart, and sin no more.'

The old gentleman had spoken with a strong French accent, but still sufficiently plain to be distinctly understood; and after he had finished his address, and taken his seat, the company sat in silence for a few seconds, evidently not knowing how to receive the address, and each person waiting for some one to make a proposal or comment. At length another of the guests, a Danish vice-consul, arose and said: 'I have listened with much interest to our venerated friend who has just spoken. His remarks are new to me, but they may be correct; and if they are, the unfortunate youth who occasioned them is entitled to more tenderness than he would be were he the only person present who ever offended against the laws. I am no advocate for licentiousness; still I would give the young man all the benefit which ought to result from any general infirmity. Crime should not be permitted with impunity; but we may visit a criminal with all the tenderness that is compatible with public security; and if I understand correctly our friend's remarks, they inculcate that detection and consequent punishment are more fatal to subsequent usefulness than the mere commission of crime; hence oblivion and forgiveness may subserve the ends of justice (reformation of conduct) better than the infliction of vengeance. I have myself often thought that honesty, integrity, and kindred virtues are too frequently deemed innate qualities, rather than acquired characters, as I suppose they truly are; hence, also, we ought to be more indulgent to the offences of young persons than to those of persons more mature, whose habits of conduct are established. Permit me to say further, and in corroboration of the views of the former speaker, that in my youth I knew a lad whose father was a subordinate officer in the naval pay department of Denmark. The lad being active and intelligent, was frequently employed by his father to assist in paying the sailors as they came for their wages. The lad possessed acuteness enough to discover the carelessness which is proverbial of sailors, and also the confidence which they usually repose in their official superiors; and he was thereby tempted to occasionally withhold from the amount due the applicant a dollar, and sometimes more, and he would spend it in various youthful enjoyments.

'The amount which altogether he had taken was not large, for he took only when opportunity seemed to specially preclude detection. One day, however, a sailor, from whose wages a dollar was attempted to be abstracted, saw the theft; but without intimating that he saw it, he feigned a usual degree of stupidity and awkwardness. He staggered as if intoxicated, and seemed unable to place the money in his purse, several of the pieces falling on the floor. The new temptation

was greater than the lad could withstand, and he took three dollars more, fortifying the theft by cautioning the sailor against a loss of his money. 'Well,' said the sailor, altering his manner suddenly, to perfect sobriety, 'let me examine if I have not lost some already;' and he proceeded adroitly to recount his money. The boy saw the trap into which he had fallen, and taking from his pocket the four dollars, said: 'I have taken some of your money to see if you would miss it.' 'No,' said the sailor resolutely; 'I saw you take it, and you intended to keep it.' The shock to the youth was excessive. His father was not in the office, and only a few of the clerks. He pretended great indignation against the sailor for presuming to question his intentions; but his fears were great lest the sailor should institute criminal proceedings against him, or in some other way disgrace him.

'Whether the sailor was not quite sure of the boy's guilt I cannot say, but after he left the office the incident was no further heard from. Still the boy saw the destruction which he had but barely escaped, and the fright produced his entire reformation. He grew up and became a man of integrity, and has filled creditably several important stations, both public and private; but had he been publicly disgraced, he would probably have become a vagabond.'

'Gentlemen,' said another speaker, 'I am emboldened, by the relation of two of our most honored friends, to adduce the reformation of an apparently less corrigible offender than the lad of whose aberrations we have just heard. His first delinquency was to steal a gold ring from the shop of his father, who was a petty jeweler in Amsterdam. The object of the offence was to appease another boy, who for some reason required to be propitiated. Afterward, and while he was only eleven years old, his uncle, who was the captain of a vessel that traded to Malacca, committed an act of piracy, for which he was brought home in a Dutch man-of-war, and delivered over to the civil authority of Amsterdam. He was tried for the offence, and sentenced to be hanged. A short time before the execution, the gaoler was induced to believe that the prisoner's wife was dying, and by the offer of a large bribe was persuaded to accompany the prisoner to his wife, that he might take a parting view of her. To avoid detection, the prisoner and gaoler were to leave the prison at midnight, and a dark night was selected for the occasion.

'As the prisoner's friends had concerted his rescue when he should arrive at a bridge that was to be passed on the way to the alleged residence, the plan required that a watchman, who was stationed near the bridge, should be withdrawn. To effect this, the boy, with his mother, preceded the prisoner some minutes, and requested the watchman to light her and her son on their way, some distance across the bridge. The boy was provided with a quantity of stivers, (a copper coin, worth nearly two cents,) which were carried in a handkerchief, and which the boy was to drop on the ground and scatter, as if by accident, so as to detain the watchman in searching for them, after he should have been decoyed as far from the bridge as he would proceed, that the rescue might proceed without molestation. Every part of the stratagem was successful except the rescue of the prisoner, which failed by

the intrepidity of the gaoler, who, discovering the plot that had been laid for him, and that several men had seized him, released his right arm, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired at the retreating prisoner, who fell dead about midway over the bridge.

‘Thus early familiarized with crime, and even made to participate in it by his parents, the boy’s sensibility toward virtue became increasingly feeble. The only dissuasives he ever heard against dishonesty, were the fears of detection and punishment. The proverb says of a liar, that he will not be believed when he utters the truth, and we may parody the proverb, and say of a man admittedly accustomed to crime, that he will not be deemed honest when his actions are innocent. This was realized by the boy’s father, whose discreditable conduct in many of his dealings, and a suspicion that he participated in the piracy of his brother, entirely ruined any reputation he at any time possessed. He had sold on credit some jewelry to a Dutch soldier, who was about to be stationed at Batavia, in the island of Java, and who, for the purpose of securing and paying the jeweler, executed a power for the jeweler to receive the soldier’s pay for the coming year. Unfortunately the soldier died soon after he landed at Batavia, and as he had executed before leaving Holland a will in favor of his mother, she called at the pay department of the Dutch East India Company to receive the pay that might be due to her son, and there discovered that it had already been paid to the jeweler. Her disappointment was extreme, for she was in the lowest stages of poverty, and she insisted that her son would never have executed such a power as was alleged to exist; and when the power was exhibited to her, she positively affirmed that the signature was not her son’s, and the suspicion of forgery on the part of the jeweler was at once excited in all who heard the woman’s story. The jeweler was accordingly arrested, to be tried for forgery, the penalty for which, by the laws of Holland, is death.

‘The jeweler, confident in his innocence, was at first unintimidated, but he soon heard that public opinion was against him, and the signature attached to the power was pronounced a forgery by many persons who professed to know the writing of the deceased soldier. As the trial approached, the unfortunate jeweler’s confidence progressively diminished; and his counsel at length informed him that no chance of escape existed, unless he could produce some person who was present at the execution of the power.

‘In this bitter extremity he thought of the ductility and shrewdness of his son, and concluded to induce the boy to testify that he was present. Had the boy been even less confident than he was of his father’s innocence, but little inducement would have been necessary to make him testify as required; but under present circumstances he was glad of an opportunity to be useful to his parent, for though deficient in general morality, a lack of filial tenderness was no part of his character. He was assiduously instructed for the momentous occasion by the father, and taught how he would be interrogated by counsel and cross-questioned, and the answers that would be necessary under various contingencies.

‘The day of trial arrived. The impression of the jeweler’s guilt

was strengthened by the testimony of the son rather than weakened; for though he answered every question with shrewdness and promptness, still he exhibited such an exuberance of detail as to exceed the modesty of truth, and the casual recollection of so common an occurrence as the execution of an ordinary power of attorney on an ordinary occasion. The trial accordingly resulted in the conviction of the supposed offender, and he was actually executed for the alleged offence, though in truth entirely innocent thereof, and a sad victim to only a bad reputation.

‘The boy was but fourteen years old at the time of this mournful catastrophe. The shop was continued by the mother with the little property that the father left; but the infamy of the family operated as a constant obstruction to her efforts, well seconded though they were by the industry and intelligence of the son. She could obtain no credit for goods, nor would any person trade with her except strangers, who were ignorant of her history. As the son verged toward manhood, he began to feel with increasing sensitiveness the humiliation of their situation, and finally prevailed on his mother to remove with him to Brabant, a distant province in the Dutch Netherlands, where their wretched history being unknown they would no longer be oppressed by associations with crime. She, with the natural bias toward virtue and reputation common to her sex, assented, and converting her little property into articles that would be saleable in their proposed new home, and assuming a new name, they arrived safely at their place of destination.

‘Persons who have never experienced the degradation of exposed guilt, and the consequent depression of fixed obloquy, will be unable to conceive the delight of the young man when he found himself among a people who deemed him neither despicable nor contaminating. The common courtesies which he received from respectable neighbors appeared to him special honors, which elevated him gradually in his own estimation, and created in him an ambition to maintain and justify the prepossession in his favor that his youth and activity seemed to inspire. His mother readily accommodated herself to his expanding aspirations, and they soon traded advantageously with the little property they brought with them. Though occasionally perplexed when any inquiries were casually made in relation to their former residence and history by the unsuspicious curiosity of their new friends, their conduct was so severely moral, and their deportment so conciliatory, that they increased rapidly in property and reputation, and in virtue also; for after discovering the enjoyments which pertain to a good reputation, they became increasingly scrupulous in their dealings, and so elevated in their principles, that instead of eschewing evil practices from the mere fear of detection, they refrained by reason of a determination to act justly.

‘After some years the young man married into one of the most respectable commercial families in Brabant. He had improved his leisure by reading, and attained a more than ordinary degree of general information and literature. His intellect was naturally vigorous, and his feelings sensitive, and he eventually became rich, liberal and patriotic.

He was also happy, except as he would occasionally remember with horror and humiliation the incidents of his boyhood, and still dread lest some untoward accident should identify him in connection therewith—an accident which fortunately never occurred.'

After the speaker resumed his seat, several other persons related anecdotes, and all tending to show, that if a man will severely examine his life, he will detect reasons for believing that the tenants of our prisons exemplify less an inevitable tendency in vice to perpetuate its practices than they exemplify the depraving consequences of detection and public exposure, and hence that philanthropy and virtue are more likely to be promoted by the impunity of the young than by their legal punishment. Every narrative was vouched to be an unadorned picture of real life, and most of the company suspected that each of the narrators was covertly relating his own history. In conclusion, the young man who had caused the interruption of the feast was unanimously permitted to retire without farther molestation. The company even voted in his presence that no circumstance to his disadvantage should be divulged, in the hope, that as his character could yet be saved, he would never jeopard it again.

The young man seemed greatly affected by the generosity of the company, and hastily withdrew, with the most solemn promises of an entire reformation. He had, however, not long been away, before another gentleman, who had also sat alongside of him, missed his gold watch, which no doubt the young villain had purloined while the stories in his behalf were in the process of delivery, for the gentleman had but recently looked at the watch, and thus probably excited thereto the cupidity of the offender. The denouement seemed to overthrow all the philosophy of the previous discourses, and to extinguish all the forbearance of the company, for they immediately despatched waiters in every direction after the culprit, with a determination to punish him to the extremity of the law; but he could not be found, and had in some way escaped from the hotel and its vicinity, leaving also his dinner-bill unpaid, and effectually marring much of the hilarity, and deranging much of the programme of the great house-warming, which broke up with some disappointment, and without having committed full execution on the host's store of good wines. Forth from the hotel issued the guests to their respective designations, full of life, its cares and hopes. Forth, also, issued on the next morning a little coffin, containing the blighted body of the fair child, now mourned by the host, who has leisure to realize his loss, and by the hostess, who again has to seek for consolation in prayer and faith. But the cares, sorrows, hopes and activity of all the actors are now among the perished past, and by a curious, but not unusual dispensation of Providence, even the brief memento of so much life and bustle is indebted for its preservation to only the seemingly untoward event which disturbed the feast. The stolen gold watch was accidentally found last fall by a laboring man, who was excavating the earth for a new cellar. It was greatly corroded by the damps of a half of a century, and had doubtless been buried by the young man who stole it, from a fear that he might be captured with it in his possession. Why he never returned to exhume it is a mystery

not capable of solution ; but the finding of it, as above, caused an old inhabitant to recollect the early occurrences that we have been narrating, and we have embodied the tradition in a form which we hope may place beyond the contingency of being again forgotten the first public house-warming of the city of Utica.

MEMORY: THE GLEANER.

BY CARL LINLEY.

THE harvest-field of BOAZ. Like a host
 Drawn up for battle stands its yellow grain,
 Rustling its own sweet music. Brawny men
 Are there to steal its beauty ; and the noise
 Of the keen sickle blends with random songs.
 Close on their track, the agile binders haste
 To form the lately-fallen grain in sheaves,
 Which throng the field with golden monuments
 To Industry and Labor.

Glance again :

Woman upon the field, the sweet and frail !
 Like a young lily in a waste of thorns,
 So she among the workmen. See ! she bends,
 And with a graceful, stainless hand collects
 The single stalks that else would perish there.
 'Tis gentle RUTH, the meek and beautiful,
 Around whose name are wreathed the rarest flowers
 Of generous remembrance : whom, though years
 Counted by centuries have come and gone,
 Woman delights to love and man to praise.
 Oh ! who can gaze upon her slender form
 Intent upon its labor, or can catch
 The mild expression of her lovely face,
 Nor feel his veins thrill deeper ? Filial RUTH !
 While that blessed page endures that chronicles
 Thy winning history for after times,
 Love shall embalm thy name in benisons,
 And hearts shall be thy home.

Another scene :

Behold before thine eye a mightier field,
 Th' unmeasured, the illimitable PAST.
 Yonder, well-busied with her ceaseless toil,
 Lo ! MEMORY, THE GLEANER. Not like her,
 The gentle Moabitess, laboring for love,
 But as another NEMESIS in look and work.
 One gleaned to succor life ; affection led
 Her footsteps to the field and cheered her toil :
 The other gleaned for justice ; hoarding up
 A store of testimony in her garner-place
 For judgment and for Heaven. Pause awhile ;
 View her vocation and its circumstance :
 Give wing to Thought ; expand Reflection's sails,
 And thy salvation may be thy reward.

She stretcheth forth her hand and gleaneth. Day
 And cheerless night are each to her the same :
 A stranger to vicissitude and change,
 She gathers up material for heaven.
 Mark what is in her grasp : lo ! thrifty tares,
 Old, unrepented sins thou hast forgotten ;
 And thistles too, thine unforgiven wrongs ;
 And worthless weeds, thy lost and squandered hours :
 And flowers, thy deeds of common charity,
 Which PITY's ardent hot-bed forced to shoot,
 Not DUTY's tardy but unerring soil ;
 Life's sweet embellishments which make it fair,
 Yet have no signal claim to merit ; these
 Were but unwelcome witnesses when thou
 Art summoned for thy last account to meet
 With thine accuser, MEMORY : and these,
 If these were *all* to testify of thee,
 Would seal thy doom with rayless misery :
 It is alone the rich, ripe, perfect grain
 Of goodness and of virtue, that can win
 For thee the taintless wealth of Paradise.

Our lives are what we make them : human will
 Moulds human destiny : spirits on earth
 But leave and bud — the blossom is the FUTURE'S.
 Earth, like a cunning sculptor, fashioneth
 The form and features of Eternity.
 Like Jacob's dream-born angels, we can rise
 Upon 'celestial stairs' to his and their fruition ;
 Or like to him who burned and glowed in heaven,
 Be quenched amid the mists of endless night.

As thou shalt sow, man-brother, she shall glean.
 'Like maketh like : ' the seed thou scatterest
 Into Life's furrows shall produce its kind
 In generous abundance. Oh ! reflect
 That thou art sowing for Eternity ; that this
 Thine earthly labor shall be known on high ;
 For as thou sowest MEMORY will glean,
 And as she gleans, so shall thy portion be.

Her store-house shall be opened : from its depths
 Her treasured evidence shall be produced,
 Hoary with years, yet firm and forcible.
 All else is worthless : but if thou hast left
 Upon thy pathway pure and sterling grain,
 And MEMORY's hand has gathered it for thee,
 Then shalt thou tread the golden streets of Heaven,
 And thy pure brow shall wear a seraph's crown.

Scatter, oh ! scatter on thine earthly way
 The perfect seeds of goodness, truth and love :
 That when thou meetest MEMORY on high,
 Bearing the tokens of thy life's employ,
 Thou shalt embrace her as an olden friend ;
 And, counted with the angels, shalt remain
 In the eternal childhood of the skies.

'NEVER SURRENDERS.'

He *has* surrendered ! he who so withstood,
 With pride becoming, yon proposal tendered,
 To yield his warfare : ' You may have my blood ;
 My liberty ? No, no ! ' He has surrendered !
 A captive now, fast bound in fetters rude,
 While a whole nation stands to pour a flood
 Of grief and hero-worship. Great and good,
 Success no pride within his bosom gendered.
 Detraction died ; Malice, for want of food,
 Stood silent ; Neglect, Slight, Envy, rendered
 No answer ill. Lo ! man's resistless foe
 Drew near, and with one fell and mighty blow
 Conquered the conqueror, laid the lofty low :
 God grant more glorious wars and thrones than ours to know ! c.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ' PASTEL '.

A fine morning after a shower lights up the village of D — , on the south shore of Massachusetts ; the summer's sun for the space of an hour or so, has been exterminating the rain-drops and shortening the long shadows ; when the writer hereof emerges from the grand entrance of the ' village hotel ' and takes a long deep draught of the fresh invigorating air. And fully to appreciate how he drank up, and feasted upon, and revelled in the healthful, freshening influences, the reader is to suppose an individual born and brought up in a country farm-house long, long ago. Noble trees threw their shadows on the door-stone ; garden, orchard, meadow, and corn-field stretched around, where beneath many a summer sun was realized the primeval curse. In the distance lay a noble sheet of fresh of water, with all sorts of irregular coves running up into thick woods, which the axe had never yet profaned. From this water a creek run, or rather crept through a rich meadow, turning and twisting, as if it would linger there, as well indeed it might do. Past the house however, it ran briskly ' off about its business ' which was to turn a grist-mill two miles away, and let shoals of herring, waiting in the salt water know that spring had come, and that the ice was gone.

How well do I remember my first visit to that grist-mill ! What a terrible thing was that big water-wheel, throwing up the spray, making a great black circle on the moss-covered shingles. What a feeling of pity I had for the corn remorsefully shaken into the stone that whirled round so madly ; a feeling also of dread that some unknown power

was surely going to shake me in along with the doomed grain, although I held on never so stoutly; how I used to bring away with me along with the meal a sense of profound respect for the miller as a man of iron nerve, standing unmoved amid such fearful scenes. And many a fine trout did I capture from that brook; some by fair means, but more by foul. On the waters of that creek was launched my first essay in naval architecture, consisting of 'punt,' the floor of which was an old hen-roost door, partly begged but mainly stolen from a neighbor, who is foolish enough to lament the loss to this day. The sides of that ungainly craft knew no smoothing-hand but that of Time: a great many nails were used in its construction of a great variety of sizes, and in all stages of oxidation; every one of them burglariously abstracted and feloniously purloined not only from the nail-box, but from fence and wall, and wherever the claw-hammer could embrace one; for which exploit the master-builder was visited with parental indignation. Spite of the multiplicity of fastening and tar applied with a prodigal disregard of expense (this last compound was always getting on the thwart, and fastening down the unwary oarsman like a galley-slave) spite of all this, that punt afforded constant employment to two hands in the way of baling. In truth it was a most perfidious bark; and why it did not consign its adventurous skipper to a watery grave was always a mystery to me. Perhaps my enemies have a way of accounting for it. In after years an unexceptionable sail-boat was wont to glide up that winding creek, and bound over the bright waters beyond; and 'many a time and oft,' has the sound of music, ringing laughter, and silvery voices been heard through the moonlight air.

Much I loved to see the first blades of grass under the kindly influence of the March sun, and still more to hear the 'trees keep on their pleasant murmuring,'

'In the leafy month of June.'

Then I saw no sadness in the 'changing' hues of autumn and no gloom in the wild storms of winter.

Chiefly was it my delight, when the harvesting was nearly over; when the 'Indian Summer' came with its foretaste of the millennium; when there was a delicious tone in the west winds and a dreamy haziness in the air, to row my skiff up those solitary coves, and with frog-baited hook, lure from under the lily-pods, sundry piratical, sharkish-looking pickerel; or anchored in the deep water, pull up golden-hued perch, speckled trout, or ill-looking cat-fish; and when the sun waned low, return home with a prospect of a glorious time in husking by moonlight.

Amid such scenes did I pass my youth, and when I arrived at man's estate, I was taken and shut up in a great city, principally confined in a dingy office that looked out on a brick wall, a slate-roof, with a dreary perspective of roofs and stacks of chimneys and little glimpses of smoke-stained sky. This was well enough through the winter; but when there began to be a spring-look to the sun, and the south wind blew gently, I grew somewhat uneasy, and as spring advanced, more and more uneasy, and I used to walk in squares, pleasant squares enough,

but the trees looked dusty and the grass sickly, and I was warned to 'keep-off of that;' and I could n't get beyond the sound of echoing pavements and the eternal roll of omnibuses.

At length, when spring had given place to summer, and the brick wall shimmered in the heat, and I grew sick and feverish and had the headache of an afternoon, I was put into a rail-road car and eventually deposited in a quiet country village, and went to bed (where the linen was suggestive of the clover upon which it was aired) with the comfortable assurance that I was forty miles away from a brick-house, a pavement, or an iron-fence. And when I went out in the morning and saw a landscape of surpassing beauty, I felt the exhilarating influences of the scene upon my smoke-dried senses, and went off into ecstasies of the most flowery description, or committed any other absurdity; was I not perfectly excusable, when the foregoing circumstances are taken into consideration?

But, reader, you shall be spared any poetical infiction just at present, for the breakfast-bell rings, and the effect of the invigorating air will soon be perceptible in my devotion to the good cheer before me. The trout, the coffee, and the nicely-browned cakes are delicious. With perfect sincerity do I compliment my host on having attained great perfection in the art of curing ham, and on the excellence of her dairy; and I devoured her eggs like a man having perfect confidence in their freshness.

An hour or two later I set forth on a long tramp, leaving the more populous part of the village; rambling over fields, where the cloud-shadows sail majestically along and through woods freshened by last night's rain; eloquent with the unwritten music of bird-notes and leaves rustling in the light breeze. Pleasant sights and sounds are these, which find their way through the brick-and-mortar covering of my heart, and expand it with the boyish freedom of old days; pleasant pictures to take back with me and hang up in the dingy office that looked out on the brick-wall.

But chiefly do I delight to drop in at the old farm-houses, under pretence of lighting a cigar, and chat with the old ladies, finding now and then a bright vision of a TARIUS's daughter, lighting up the long kitchen with her sunny presence. And well I know that every one of them '*wish I was further;*' the silly things not knowing how charming they look in their every-day working dresses, with their free and unconstrained movements; with perhaps a ringlet or two loose, and their rosy faces glowing with health and exercise. 'They do wish, if I was going to call, I would wait until they got fixed up, and set down of an afternoon.' And much I like to talk with the Tariuses at work in the field, opening hay with a wary glance at the double-headed clouds piled up in the north-west. I take pride in showing them that I know a thing or two connected with the 'farming interest,' and enjoy their astonishment thereat, as though I had forgotten those corn-fields where there were long rows to hoe, and a great many of them, and those meadows where my keen scythe was wont to slip through the rich clover of a morning before the dew was off.

At one house I rap at the front-door, and my call being unanswered,

I make bold to push in, and find myself in the sacred precincts of the best front-room—a room seldom opened, except when the minister calls, or the regular cleaning-day comes round. It is a tolerably large apartment, but intolerably low in the ceiling, and there is a huge beam running across in the centre. It has to serve as the guest-chamber on occasions, for there is a large bed in one corner, with a patchwork covering of the highest conceivable colors, most inharmoniously mingled. On the bed I perceive the Sunday bonnet of the good lady of the house, and the Sunday coat of her lord and master. I am willing to take oath, that in that same blue-coat, with bright buttons, he stood up and was married years ago; and it's just as good as new, and with even more cloth in it, especially about the collar. I see no indications of the discovery of printing, for they do n't allow the 'best room' to be littered up with books—not they. A desolate, cheerless place it is, with its uncarpeted floor, painted yellow, upon which the footsteps sound with appalling distinctness, and its row of wooden chairs, mathematically arranged. The eye is irresistibly attracted by the figure of the paper on the walls—not from any intrinsic beauty it possesses, but because there is so little else to look at. There is one cane-seated rocking-chair, evidently a modern innovation, the back of which is covered with an unapproachable netting of spotless white, called a 'tidy.' If a visitor of distinction, the minister for instance, should drop in for a social call, instead of allowing him to retreat to some shady nook of the long kitchen, or expand his kindly sympathies before the genial glow of the great fire-place, they forthwith usher him into 'the front-room,' and seat him in the rocking-chair, where the 'tidy' is, which he won't dare to lean back against, and avoiding which he will find sufficiently uncomfortable. Hence it is that a friend of mine calls these cherished apartments 'minister-rooms.'

Hanging against the broad panel, over where the mantel would be, if there was one, I see two colored lithographs, 'master-pieces,' placed close together, probably to indicate that they both refer to the same subject. One is called 'The Sailor's Farewell,' and represents a young man with profuse whiskers, loose legs, and a jacket of the brightest conceivable blue, taking an affectionate leave of a young lady, with her hair done up high, very small hands and feet, and a dress of startling crimson, evidently 'warranted fast colors.' Though he has taken a long voyage, we see the young man in the next picture, called 'The Sailor's Return,' wearing the same jacket of unfaded brilliancy, and the young lady with the small hands flings herself, crimson dress and all, into his arms.

Some poetry there is in the fact of these pictures being placed there, though very little in the productions themselves. Perhaps some mother who has a child at sea placed them there, and thought of her boy pacing his lonely night-watch, and thinking of home; or perchance some gentle maiden looks at them and thinks of her 'true-love' out on the waste of waters. And although the representations before her are met together, she sighs to think what a long interval there is in reality, and breathes a prayer for his safe return, and loves to recall his last words, 'that the thought of *her* would cheer him in his lonely hours,

and nerve his arm when he hung over the yard reefing top-sails in a midnight squall, when the ship was plunging through the dark waves beneath him.'

But here all dreams of midnight squalls are put to flight by an actual day-light squall of an infant, in an adjoining room; and as I do n't take to babies very kindly, I conclude to withdraw quietly, as I came, thinking as I go: 'Perhaps the first dawn of taste I discover in the lithographs will so far develop itself in the next generation, whose wail I just now heard, as to effect an entire revolution in the cheerless room; convert some of the old man's lands into fashionable furniture; have a centre-table with annuals, and walk out the great bed to a tune from one of Chickering's best; and in place of the colored prints, hang up pencil-drawings of bridges, castles, wind-mills, landscapes with unhappy-looking cattle, all executed by 'Matilda Ann' at boarding-school; the pride of parents and the admiration of neighbors.'

Still I ramble on, and see the ever-changing shadows, breathe the air coming from off clover-fields, and hear the delicious tones of the red-bird in the far-off woods. Bright and pleasant are the scenes I have thus far endeavored to present. I ask the reader to look now upon one of grief and suffering. I see before me a well-remembered cottage, and methinks the cloud-shadows should rest there, sombre trees wave over it, and none but plaintive bird-notes be heard about it; for in that house I know there is deep and heavy sadness, which seems brooding in the air around it, oppressing the senses as I approach.

In that cottage lived a school-mate, the companion of my early sports, the warm friend of later years. He was a noble youth, well educated and gifted; he was an only child, and his parents were in easy circumstances in those days. Soon after we separated his father died, and trouble came upon them. From that time poverty and pride, ill-matched pair that they are, seemed to have marked him as their victim. Ill-success attended all his undertakings, and at length California swallowed him up. Remorseless place that it is, that golden Maelstrom of the nineteenth century, that brilliant mirage, from which the sheen but too often vanishes on a near approach, thickly strewing many a wreck for one successful issue, and for a single smile of happiness causing oceans of tears to flow! Looking over the California news a few weeks since, I read: '*Died at the Mines of S——, Henry ——, of D——, Mass.*;' a simple announcement, lightly glanced at by thousands, but bringing gloom and sadness upon all who knew him: and who shall tell of the floods of anguish it rolled upon the stricken soul of the widowed and childless mother!

The room which I enter forms a bright contrast to the one last described. I see around me a thousand little evidences of taste and skill, by which the lady knew so well how to make a room look pleasant and home-like, even with humble means. Gazing on the picture of the lost wanderer, I deem it indeed sad that one who so loved that little parlor should never behold it more.

The mother greets me cordially, with a faint semblance of her old cheerfulness; but though she struggles to appear calm, she can but think of *one* whom she used to see by my side. Nature will have its

way, and the tears gush forth. Sorrowfully I mark the ravages that care and grief have made in the gentle being before me, who I remember so bright and gay, lighting up the little cottage with her cheerful presence; and sorrowfully I remember what the neighbors told me, mournfully shaking their heads: 'Poor thing! I'm affeered she can't stan' it long: her heart is breaking.'

Mysterious Providence! there are dark and malignant spirits who run their riotous course through existence, with no check upon their rough-shod career; and there are loving, gentle beings, ministering angels of goodness, who are called to suffer no common grief; the very loveableness of their nature turning back upon them, and sending the cruel shaft deeper and yet deeper! In her simple, touching way, she told me the sad story. 'When Henry first mentioned that he was going, it did not much affect me; now I wonder how I could look upon it so lightly; but others were going from the village, and he had been to sea, you know—I had parted from him, and welcomed him back—and why should I not do it again? But as the time drew near for him to leave, I began to have anxious fears and forebodings; and when the dread morning came, I felt most wretched and sad. I well remember the scene as we were waiting for the stage that was to bear him away. You know the arrival and departure of the stage was always a pleasant little event in our quiet life. You remember on a stormy day in winter how we would watch for it, bringing news from the busy world about us—papers and books to cheer our long winter evenings. How different it was now! How I dreaded its coming! How I wished something might detain it, that I might have my dear boy yet a little longer beside me! I remember how earnestly I gazed upon him, striving to fix each look and word and action on the memory, well knowing that I should not soon see them again—perhaps never. And well I remember Henry cheerfully walking to and fro, telling me: 'Oh, I shall soon come back, mother; I always *do*, you know. I may not be rich; perhaps I shall return poorer than I go away; but I love home too much to be long absent.' Spite of his efforts, when he spoke of the home he was leaving, his eyes would moisten, and I loved him all the more for this.

'The dreaded stage appeared at length, and though there was a heavy weight upon my heart, I should have borne up well enough had not our neighbor (a silver-haired old man, of whom he was always a great favorite) 'come in to say good-by; for he never should see Henry again, that was sartain.' The sight of the old man's tears, and his broken voice, after repeating 'Well, I never shall see Henry any more, that's sartain,' was too much for my firmness; my pent-up grief broke forth, and I remember nothing but tears, bitter tears, until my streaming eyes beheld him waving his hand, just before the trees hid him from my sight.

'And that was the last of my dear boy. Never more on earth shall I see that loved form, or hear that cheerful voice again.' Here the mother's voice failed her: she buried her face in her hands, and could not proceed. After a time she resumed: 'Sometimes in dreams I see that waving hand, and it seems to beckon me to some far distant world.

I thought I could not feel more wretched and lonely than I did the day he left; but now I know that the heart can bear yet more grief and loneliness. After a time letters came — long letters, written as only he could write. Pleasant and mirthful were the pictures he drew of their life on ship-board; and so vivid were his representations, that I seemed to see the quiet sunlit Pacific, the noble ship majestically rising and falling on the long swells; to hear the gentle breeze murmuring in the sails, and rustling the awning over the deck; the groups of happy voyagers and my dear son walking to and fro, as he was wont, vigor in his step, and the light of hope and courage in his eye. After he landed, his letters became shorter and less frequent, ill-fortune still pursued him, and he could not find it in his kind heart to write what he knew would give me pain; so he waited, and still waited, and hoped for better times, which never came. At length he wrote from those dreadful mines that he had been ill, but was better, and hoped soon to write that he was well again.

‘But the next news was that terrible notice, in the papers. Oh, the wretched, wretched days that followed, and the sleepless nights, yet more wretched; or if I slept, it was but to see him sick and suffering; and when I would fly to him, some cruel power still held me back! And sometimes I would hold him in my arms, and when I would wipe the damp dews of death from his pale face, he would be torn away, and I only saw the *waving hand*, that beckoned me where I could not follow! It was only when I looked to Heaven, that I found the least ray of hope or peace. It was only *this* that kept me from utter madness. The neighbors, in their kind way, told me to ‘cheer up;’ ‘perhaps it was a mistake after all;’ but there was something in that simple notice that said, ‘There is no hope — *no hope!*’ Its terrible calmness rolled on me like deep water. Soon came this sad confirmation.’

Here she handed me a letter; and it was with deep feelings that I recognised my friend’s hand-writing, cramped and trembling. These were his own dying words:

‘MOTHER, they tell me I am dying, and it must be so. The visions that visit me in these moments of unearthly buoyancy are those of another world: then comes the heavy sinking, the deep suffocation, through which I scarcely breathe. It must be death!’

‘They will tell you, mother, that in my long, weary sickness I have not much complained. Sometimes the breeze would come in at the rude hut-door and fan my fevered cheek, and there was a thought of my native hills in its freshness and freedom; and again a floating cloud, a passing fragrance or a familiar bird-note would bring *home* before me with cruel distinctness, and the heart-fever would overpower all bodily suffering. I did not complain.

‘Often, when I was restlessly tossing through the long hours of darkness, have I thought, ‘Could I but hear one sound of that soft voice, feel one touch of that kind hand on my burning brow, it would be a heaven to me, and I could die content!’ But it could not be, and even then I did not murmur. It is only when I think of the sore grief that must rend your loving heart that I am tempted to cry out, ‘Why was I born to bring desolation on one so dear to me?’

‘I can write but little, for my senses grow dim. My companions have been very kind to me; I know you will bless them for it. One thought there is, oft recurring, towering above and absorbing all others: it is the dread thought that I am dying; that eternity is close at hand. Is it of bliss or woe? Here on my death-bed I have hope; perhaps, like many an earthly hope, it is false and ill-founded. Still, *I have hope*. I look back upon a misspent life, and a volume of sins rises up, huge, dark and appalling; yet between them and me I see an angel-form. I hear a voice pleading to the throne of grace, such as I used to hear in childhood: earnest, effectual, fervent; and we read that ‘such a prayer availeth much.’ And thus I have hope. I must soon say, ‘Farewell, mother!’ Surely, it cannot be forever! The dear love I bear for you, and your never-changing, unfathomable affection for me, is it not one link of that golden chain that shall unite us in heaven, never to be severed?’

‘Mother, I well know that every trembling word here will be dear to you; but these mortal powers grow weak and faint; they guide my hand while I write, and my chilled fingers scarce feel

the pen. I will breathe one prayer that you may not mourn for me 'as one without hope,' and then, as I used to do in childhood, I will say 'Good night, dear mother!' and fall asleep.'

Another hand added the following :

'He was quite exhausted after writing the above, and lay quite motionless for hours. We feared he would never speak again; but toward midnight he revived, and called us each by name. He said: 'You have been very kind to me, brothers. I can wish you no greater blessing than that you may once more look upon your native village; and when you lie down to die, may it be with sights and sounds of home around, and kindred hands to minister unto you. You will lay me on the east side of the hill, in the place which I showed you, and tell *her*, when the morning sun lights up the little room that I loved so well, to think it is shining on my grave; and bid her see in the increasing light the hope that cheers me now—the hope of an eternal day.' He never spoke again!

'We buried him on the hill-side, where he had directed, and A—— read the burial-service. It was a solemn scene. Those noble words, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' rising amid this wild solitude, spoken by a voice now deep and manly, and anon choked and trembling, the rough-clad group about the grave, and tears falling from 'eyes all unused to weep'—it was a scene never to be forgotten. It was a gallant spirit that we laid there to rest, 'in the hope of a glorious resurrection.'

'When we sit round the hut-door after our day's toil, we love to speak of him and to recall the keen wit and sprightly humor of happier days, as well as the dying words of tenderness and affection. Perhaps it will be pleasing to you, dear Madam, to know that we always think and speak of you at those times.

'It seems but idle to offer you our regard and sympathy; but we were children together; we knew your son in joy, we heard his cheerful words when adversity came upon us. We watched beside his sick-bed, and heard no murmur or complaint. We caught his last dying words, closed his eyes in death, and laid him in his last resting-place; and if one kindly word from us will do aught to soothe your sorrow, 'like which there is no sorrow,' it is all we ask or expect.'

This most touching letter was signed by four of the young man's companions in self-exile. I handed it back, and the mother gazed long upon it, as if the words were not already deeply graven in her inmost heart. 'I have been calmer,' she said, 'since this came. It is a strange joy to read it again and again, and his spirit seems near me when I see the trembling lines. But then I think, if he could only have died here at home, I could have blessed the stroke; and sometimes I think, if some sudden accident, or the hand of violence even, had laid him low, it would have been better. It is when I think of him in the long, long hours of suffering, vainly wishing for one touch of the hand that soothed him in childhood, that I feel this sharp pain here. I fear my heart is indeed breaking! All joy is gone forever from this world; buried with my dear boy on the far-off hill-side!'

She covered her face again with her hands, and the tears fell fast over them. Poor stricken mother! What could I say?—how could I console her? I could only repeat, 'Thank God that the hope dimly seen by the far-off sufferer was with her a glorious certainty!—that through no earthly medium, but with the eye of faith, did she look to that place where there shall be 'no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes' who inhabit therein.

Continuing my walk, it was long before I could forget the scene I have described. Although it was a sad picture, I said it should even go back with me to the great city and the gloomy office, and in my hand-to-hand struggle with existence I would look upon it, and learn to forget and despise my own petty griefs and annoyances.

And now, as I occasionally get a glimpse of blue water through the trees, there is a healthful sense of the salt sea in the air, and I hear the sound of the surf borne up by the light south wind. As I stand musing by an ancient well, I see a dignified matron approaching with her bucket, and I hasten to offer my assistance, and swing down the long pole, pour out the cool water, and insist on carrying it to the

house; and there I am quite taken aback by finding myself in the presence of two young maidens, 'comely and fair to look upon.'

A draught of the cool beverage from the cocoanut-cup soon restored me, and rest assured I did not neglect the matron's invitation to 'take a cheer;' and a cheering sight I looked upon. One of these damsels was a mild, quiet, blue-eyed girl. I have no distinct recollection of what she was doing, for to see the other was to forget every thing else. Just imagine a creature with curls, black eyes that had a touch of roguery in them, short sleeves, and a delicious roundness of face and form; just such a rosy-cheeked beauty as farmers' boys fall in love with at first sight; and, remember, I am a farmer's boy myself. She stood by a window where the breeze came off the sea and rustled through the leaves of some kind of creeping vine, and she was starching bits of lace; 'doing up' muslins, I think they call the operation. Heaven forgive her, but she came very near 'doing up' *me*, that sleeveless young girl with the black eyes!

Perhaps, reader, you have seen muslins 'done up,' and know that the articles, being dipped in the starch and squeezed out, are held up lightly by the fingers and smartly slapped between the outspread palms. And you will also know, if you are a person of any taste, that where the hands are reasonably small, with dimples across the knuckles, and the arms are round and white, and other circumstances favorable, the effect of this performance is decidedly pretty. For what is she preparing those bits of finery? Perhaps to wear next Sabbath at the village church, to aid in captivating some susceptible swain; perhaps he is already captivated, and that little lace cuff she is now manipulating with such earnestness will rest lovingly upon his stalwart arm as they go slowly home through the moonlight from some evening party; or perhaps she is getting those things ready for her own wedding; who knows? And at this suggestion I mentally ejaculated 'God forbid!' But what business was it of mine, I should like to know!

Under pretence that it was cooler where the breeze came through the vine-leaves, which physically it was, I drew my 'cheer' up in that direction, and said to the sleeveless creature that I loved to see her doing that, for I remembered to have seen my mother doing the same thing years ago; and something about this enlisted her sympathies, and we were on the best possible terms 'in no time.' Dissembler that I was! as though I needed any associations to make me like to see *her* thus engaged; and as though my recollections of the matriarch when in this business were not any thing but pleasant; for I remember that she generally wore a knit-up brow, and the juvenile members of the household considered it unsafe to approach the presence on such occasions; and just as though I did n't have a vivid and distinct recollection that on one occasion she apparently mistook my ears for a bit of obdurate lace, and visited them in such a style as to leave therein a murmuring sound for a considerable space of time, as though my head were a big sea-shell!

There was no frown on *that* brow when the shaken-back curls revealed it; no anger in the laughing eye; no sternness in the silvery voice, and no vengeance in the dainty little hands, which would have

been white, only that the exercise started out the carnations. Looking at the action of those hands, I would gladly welcome back that murmuring sound of old days, and am almost tempted to wish that 'this too solid flesh would melt,' and resolve itself into—muslin!

I am a sober, plodding sort of a man, cold, reflective and philosophical; but to look on that rosy face was ecstasy!—to undertake to count the dimples across the knuckles, or let the eye revel on the pearly whiteness of the rounded arms, was delirium!—and to glance at that flexible form of rounded slenderness was frenzy and madness!

I don't know how long I stayed by that window, but the muslins were all 'done up,' and I thought the dignified matron was looking rather uneasily over toward our side of the house; so I left, like the young man mentioned by St. Matthew, 'going away exceeding sorrowful,' though from quite a different reason. And I deemed this indeed a pleasant picture to hang up in the dingy office that looked out on the brick-wall.

A little farther, and I reach the extreme limit of my walk. I stand upon a high bluff, and look forth over the Vineyard Sound, and see the surf tumbling in on the beach at my feet. It is a glorious sight, and well repays the long walk, if it had had no other attractions. The Sound is full of vessels, as it always is in fine weather. I see the humble fisherman, with no fore-topmast; aristocratic liners, with their taper spars; business-like lumbermen, from 'down-east,' loaded deep in the water. Larger vessels, with now and then a noble ship, are drawing off the land, steering south-east by Great Point and the island of Nantucket, and so far out to sea, on their various trackless courses. I see a solitary steam-boat in the distance, her white length relieved against the blue headlands of Martha's Vineyard. It is the Nantucket steamer Massachusetts, Captain Barker, just coming out of Holmes' Hole, on her way to New-Bedford. And now, with my quiet cigar, I lie at length under the tall pines, through which the south wind is sighing. Thick as the fragrant smoke-wreaths around me are the fast-coming fancies; as light, airy and graceful; and truth to say, as unsubstantial.

I remember, when a boy, ranging the shore with my gun (for I had full share of the killing propensity inherent in all boys), and, becoming tired, I would recline under the trees, and in my boyish way long for the painter's eye and hand, to reproduce the bright scene before me, or the poet-feeling that should convey to a thousand hearts, in beautiful images, what I felt within me; all which aspirations suddenly disappeared if ever a gull came within gun-shot.

The same tall trees wave over me now. I look forth on the same scene, with the same aspirations, almost as hopeless; though I would fain, with my poor prose, make a compromise between the poet and the painter-longings.

There are not wanting those who say, that for one wearing perpetual mourning for past days, the writer of this contrives to extract a wonderful deal of enjoyment from the present; that for one born in a Puritan New-England village, and brought up at 'the feet of Gamaliel in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' he hath an undue liking

for brilliantly-lighted halls, where the blaze of beauty is yet brighter ; that the touch of soft hands, the gleaming of bright eyes, have peculiar attractions for this moody man ; and when there is music to be heard, the slanderers further say that he has not the power to resist, but gives himself up, heart and soul, to the delicious melody leaping gaily from violins, stealing out from flutes and clarionets ; that he thinks he hears spirit-voices in the wild, wailing oboe, and has all sorts of feeling when he hears skilfully touched the unearthly, almost human violoncello, and is ready to fall down and worship the high art that can portray human passions by such delicious floods of harmony. It may be so ; perhaps I must plead guilty to these charges ; but, thank Heaven ! my ear is not impaired for these old familiar sounds, musical as when I had not heard the Germania, and the opera was a thing unknown. There is a majestic 'movement' to that tenth wave ; a glorious 'crescendo' in its gathering roar ; a delightful 'shake' is performed when, nearly spent, it rushes far up on the beach, and some delicate 'fingering' in those points of foam, thrusting by the rest, curling round the pebbles, as if to find something the last wave had left ; there is 'minor' sound in its deep-drawn sigh when it sweeps back, that increases to a sullen roar ; the wind through the pines is a pleasing 'accompaniment,' and not inharmonious is the distant cawing of sombre crows and the scream of the white-winged sea-gull. There is no discord, no false note, here. Nature paints and shifts the scenes with her own hand, and there needs no prompting.

When I cease to find beauty in these scenes, and to delight in these sounds ; when they cease to rouse in me all my better nature, awake me to whatever is lovely and pleasant, noble and grand, beautiful and bright, 'then may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning !'

S T A N Z A S .

To me it is a quiet spot,
A sacred holy place
Where, with a veiless eye, I see
Our FATHER's smiling face.

To me it is an angel's form,
With angel's vestments clad ;
And with a voice of softest tone
It cheers me when I'm sad.

To me it is a gladsome eye,
That beams with nature's soul ;
And waking joyous thoughts in mine,
How swift the minutes roll.

To me it is a guide to heaven,
A resting place from care ;
And buoyant faith the while espys
Eternal glories there.

T H E D E A R E S T F R I E N D O F M A N .

BY WILLIAM H. ANTHON.

I.

HARK! how the sounds of mirth are borne
Upon the stilly midnight air;
Yon marble hall is bright as morn —
A thousand lamps are gleaming there.

II.

A thousand guests, in long array,
Beside the laden tables sit;
And rosy wine drives care away,
With merry song and sparkling wit.

III.

Disciples of old GALEN's art,
Their lives are spent, and not in vain,
In calming dread Disease's smart,
In soothing weary Nature's pain.

IV.

From many a distant foreign land,
From Afric's sands, from Iceland's snows,
They 've gathered with untiring hand
Each healing herb that science knows.

V.

And one can bid the joyous light
Beam gently on the long-closed eye,
And open to the dawning sight
The wonders of the earth and sky.

VI.

And there is one whose potent skill
Hath unsealed lips to speak his worth,
And the long-silent ear can fill
With the sweet sounds of joy and mirth.

VII.

Another boasts the blessed power
To drive away disease and pain,
And even in DEATH's awful hour
Restore to life and health again.

VIII.

But as they poured the ruddy wine,
A high dispute among them ran;
Each deemed his skill the most divine —
Himself the dearest friend of man.

IX.

Sudden a Voice upon them broke!
Like the deep thunder was its tone,
And thus in accents clear it spoke,
While all around strange brightness shone:

X.

'Cease, cease your vain tumultuous strife;
Mine is the name!'—so DEATH began;
'I loose the weary load of life—
I am the dearest friend of man.'

XI.

'And *thou*!' cried one, 'and dost THOU claim
That noblest title Earth can give?
Man trembles when he hears thy name—
Thou bane, thou curse of all that live!'

XII.

'And think'st thou, then,' the spectre cried,
'That life 's a treasure so much prized?
Hast thou ne'er seen it cast aside,
A tattered garment most despised?'

XIII.

'See yonder couch, where groaning lies
A victim of disease and pain;
Hark! list his agonizing cries!
Confess your boasted skill is vain.

XIV.

'But see! a smile lights up his brow,
Like sunbeams on a stormy sea;
What, *what* can soothe the sufferer now?
'Tis thus, 'tis thus he welcomes me!

XV.

'What skill can soothe the broken heart,
Or bid the mourner's sorrow cease?
How far beyond your vaunted art
To give the wounded spirit peace!

XVI.

'Tis mine alone to grant relief
When nought can still the mourner's sighs;
When 'neath its weary load of grief
Poor feeble Nature prostrate lies.

XVII.

'I burst the chains that bind the slave,
I set the pining captive free;
They gently slumber in the grave—
They find their dearest friend in me.

XVIII.

'Ah! like an angel clothed in light,
I close the Christian's dying eyes;
With holy rapture, sweet delight,
His spirit greets me ere it flies.

XIX.

'Your arts but lengthen life's short span,
Or heal the body's agony;
I am the dearest friend of man —
His guide to immortality!'

THE MINSTREL OF THE 'WORKING ROOMS.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

AN! these busy wheels and engines! I remember a scrap of poetry that went the rounds of the newspapers a year or so ago, bemoaning that our sylvan streams had been degraded to such servile use. *They* turn a mill! Every poet-aping spirit in the land declaimed against the outrage. But blessings on them, *I* say: it is good to hear their hum on the clear river banks. There is a life, a real poetry about them. Instead of tales of want and drudgery, their din has a tone of music in it, and it talks of thrift, and hope, and cheerful songs. Ay, it is good to look out when the summons of their bells is answered now-a-days. Forth they come, human beings from all lands and climes; thrifty Yankees, and sons and daughters of old Ireland; girls from the far backwoods of Maine and Canada; children with the sunshine of France and Spain in their eyes, and men from roving on the broad, deep seas; all mingle on the way, and all unconsciously I had almost said, so blessed is the law of industry and social intercourse, imbibing and imparting good.

Instead of losing their humanity amid the discords within doors, humanity seems only the more spiritual. There is always some redeeming angel in the room; something to love, and that calls up pure associations; a mere tame bird or squirrel it may be; or a mild-voiced old man; or, oftenest of all, a young child, to shed a halo on the spot and make the dusty arches beautiful.

Thus associated, I always love to hear the people of a certain district talk of one ANTOINE. The joyous little Antoine, they will say, (I never heard him called there by any other name,) with his dancing brown locks and songs flowing out upon the air the whole day long. He alighted in their midst on a summer's morning, just as the swallows came, nobody knew how or whence; but there he was with the children on the green, singing and fluttering about to his own music, as though he had been a very bird and that spot his chosen summer-haunt his life time long.

He might have dropped from the clouds for all that could be gleaned from him; for to all questions as of who he was, or whence he came, he only answered 'Antoine,' and 'I'm only the little boy, you know, that comes to sing to you.'

At the end of every song, however, he held out his little soiled cap to intimate his errand; but still it never entered into a single heart to call him vagabond or stroller. No; he looked so beautiful and sent so much sunshine into the atmosphere, that before an hour he was found out to be kindred to every heart in the village, and the half-dimes and coppers were raining into the little cap at a great rate.

It was ascertained at length that the boy had stolen from a circus that was going the rounds, and was now wandering unconstrained, whither he listed. But no one cared to send him back. When the day wore on and he was found still hovering about the place, there was just the same kind of rejoicing among the groups that there is in the far northern latitudes when the ice breaks up in spring. His coming was to the neighborhood like the sight of the 'Good Spirits' to the heroes and heroines in the old German legends. They would as soon have shut their eyes upon their sunniest day-dreams as to have driven *him* away who seemed sent there on purpose to tell of hope and promise.

I said the neighborhood was made up of people from all lands; but he was a very child of the house, go where he would. No matter how many there were to feed and clothe already, there was not a home so poor but the door flew open to let *him* in, and not a hearth so crowded but there was ample room for him.

And it was wonderful how the musical little stranger took to the place. There must have existed some secret affinity between his heart and theirs from the first. On the morrow his little face had found the way inside the mills, and his fingers were trying to get the ways of work. In vain: the task was strangely bungled, and the child, as though in fault of other resources, drowned inquiry with a gush of song. Still he showed no inclination to depart, but, encouraged by his new friends, came and went as regularly as the best of them.

And now they knew more of him, what a singularity for a child he was! Some said they had been entertaining an angel unawares. While the other children blustered up and down, he loved best of all things to tell tales with the old people by the hearth-side, or to sit down among the men and talk of times and changes; or to creep away by himself among the shade-trees, and listen to the waters. He was never rude or boisterous; and yet, save in a wondrous kind of wisdom that looked out from every thing he said and did, never unchild-like. Thus goes the story.

But his work — alas! he tried again and again, but again and again he failed. At last, however, it was observed that his little face was melancholy at those times, and finally the truth came out: little Antoine was almost blind. 'Blind!' — that explained the whole.

He had not been connected with his old associates by any ties of love or kindred, and when the infirmity had come upon him, instead of making him an object of peculiar interest, it only shut him out from sympathy. He was alone in his gathering darkness, and how could his

child's heart but yearn for the sunlight of home and love? So he had planned to creep in among the workers, and win him a place by the exercise of his sweet gift, and he was keeping his malady a secret, lest, as his small experience suggested, they too might cast him off for it. *They?* — 'not they!' Who of all the world knew what hardship was, if not *they?* — or who ought to be readier to alleviate it?

They were working people, hoping and doing; and they did not pause half so long to bewail the misfortune, as to decide upon the surest means of alleviating it. Who knew that it was incurable? Money was raised forthwith, a purse made up, no one knew how far with 'widow's mites;' and the child was carried away to an infirmary, and lo! brought back seeing!

No story is oftener told; and the child now, they add, is a famous vocalist, a man in the great world, singing and composing such music that it seems like interpretations of all beauty. And who knows? Why may not its spirit echo in his music, and go forth into the world revealing its Divinity in the mysterious language of sweet sounds? A. P.

H I S T O R Y O F M A N S O U L .

FULL poorly cometh MANSOUL to his birth,
Shrinking and moaning he toucheth the earth,
Tearfully, tearfully.

Blithely he sings in the sunlight of youth,
Building in hope what he ne'er sees in truth,
Cheerfully, cheerfully.

Boldly in manhood he buffeteth fear,
Sinking 'mid waves still he shouteth 'Good cheer!'
Manfully, manfully.

Cautious and soberly steppeth old age,
Fearing youth's fervor, despising its rage,
Carefully, carefully.

Trembling and wailing, in darkness and gloom,
Halting, reluctant, he seeketh the tomb,
Doubtfully, doubtfully.

Struggling and gasping, with horror and dread,
Sinketh MANSOUL in the Sea of the Dead,
Fearfully, fearfully.

Buoyant, elastic, he droppeth the clay;
Upward MANSOUL springeth, new-born, away,
Hopefully, hopefully.

Tearful, yet hopeful, out starteth MANSOUL;
Wearied and wayworn, he reacheth his goal.

ST. BERNARD .

SONNET: ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

Soft meadows lapped in sunlight; green arcades
 Loaded with fragrance; leafy, woodland nooks,
 Silent and dim, where the rath floweret fades
 Unseen by any; quiet, shady brooks,
 Flecked here and there with spots of dazzling light,
 And doubling the green leaves and leaning flowers
 That blossom on their banks: how every sight,
 That thrilled my soul with gladness in those hours
 When life was new, comes o'er me as I gaze
 Upon thy gift, dear Lady! Ah, my heart
 No longer throbs as in those sinless days,
 And in my eyes the unbidden tear-drops start
 Only to think how the world's care and strife
 Have dimmed the freshness of my boyhood's life!

Washington, July, 1850.

R. S. CHILTON.

THE DEAD HEART.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

ON her twenty-ninth birth-day Evelyn Clause bent over the body of her lifeless son, and saw him, the eldest, the most beautiful, the last surviving of her four bright boys, placed in the coffin for burial. She watched and even assisted in this sad duty, with a calmness that was almost frightful to behold: and the hearts of those who witnessed the strange composure of the bereaved mother trembled and fluttered into quiet, even while their hands were busied with arranging the robes of the dead; the tears which had gathered in their eyes fell not; voices which had faltered as they strove to utter consolation or sympathy grew calm and strong suddenly; even the grief of the nurse who had watched over Frederick from his infancy was hushed, and became voiceless in the presence of the mother, who stood so calm and silent beside her lifeless child.

When Clarence, the baby, died, it was far otherwise with her. Never was infant mourned with such wild, such exceeding sorrow as he. Night and day through his illness, and after his death, the young mother clung to him, until at last they were compelled by force to remove her from the corpse when the funeral hour was come. It seemed then as though she would weep her very life away; and the mourning in which her form was enrobed was not comparable in gloom with that natural mourning which enveloped her lovely face. Though three children still remained to her, it was of him who was lost that she held most constant remembrance; it was of him, the affectionate little one, who had never learned to express his love in words, who had never even learned her name, that her stricken heart held continual thought; and she who had lived all of life — real *life* that had been given her to live

in her children — trembled now, and looked with constant fear on the future; in them she had fixed all her hope and her love, and behold, one already was taken!

Evelyn Clause was married in her youth to a ‘merchant prince,’ who had already been twice married. They stood together at the altar a strangely matched pair; she a very child in experience and in beauty, and he worn in the world’s service — his hair already tinged with gray.

There were some witnessing this bridal who envied the new-made wife of Jesse Clause; for he was a man respected and looked up to in the world; but he was also one to whom it would seem the fancies or the hearts of the youthful would not *naturally* incline. But he had money, and to the young creature who in the morning of her life joyously consented to wed him, this was his sole recommendation — the *only* reason why she for a moment thought seriously of his offer. For Evelyn was the daughter of a poor family, (a large family moreover,) and it had been sheer madness in her, and profound selfishness also, (so her own generous heart assured her,) to decline so precious an opportunity of aiding her beloved ones of home. With the sincere earnestness and heartiness of youth, Evelyn strove to feel for her great benefactor more than gratitude, more than respect — she tried to *love* him. Poor child! must she also learn that bitter lesson, which they who thus bind Poverty and Wealth together so often, so almost invariably, so fully learn?

As Evelyn learned her husband, to know his nature as his departed companions had, a wild suspicion would anon torture her; that love which she had vowed to maintain for him was not that which she must strive for; to preserve that reverence which she *had* for him, that respect, that friendliness, that gratitude, she must struggle. Ah, reader, no task like that can be given the bewildered young soul! God save thee from the necessity of learning it! It was then that Evelyn hushed, with an effort one must have himself made in order to fully appreciate, the indignant voice which Nature prompted her to raise against many a word he uttered, many a deed he wrought. She tried, how devoutly, with the charity that *thinketh* no evil, to forget the evidence he daily forced upon her of his ungenial and unworthy spirit; and had this been a possibility, she had certainly succeeded in an effort so continuously and so faithfully made.

It was only after years had passed, that the truth, which slowly but surely gathered its force, burst full upon her, and the wife knew that the doom of solitariness in the midst of splendor was upon her. Urged then by the ‘strong necessity of loving,’ she folded in a more idolatrous passion her young children to her heart, and she made gods of them.

It was said by some who inquisitively watched the fading of her face, and the sadness that revealed itself in her eyes and in her voice, that Evelyn Clause was but reaping in bitter disappointment the fruit which she well deserved, for wedding where her heart could not by possibility have chosen its home. But no word from her lip ever added to the testimony of her face; and it was not the truth which they spoke, who looking on the apparent wreck of her happiness, told of the just reward of the covetous. If it had been a self-immolating sense of duty

to her parents which led the girl in her youth to wed with Jesse Clause, it was likewise a sense of justice, lofty and holy and stern, that prompted and constrained her to be to the husband all he should have been to her. The consciousness of his utter uncongeniality was with her constantly, yet she continued unweariedly faithful and devoted to him: still how often, how very often, her heart fainted and failed within her, need I tell? Let the mortal who has looked for love and found only wealth—who has received a stone where it craved for the bread of life—answer.

Yet the reader has seen that entire bankruptcy was not forced upon the wife. In the children given her, the craving spirit of life within her found consolation; in their unfolding natures her resigned heart aroused to act; the floods which had been fast settling into a Dead Sea were arrested, were stirred again; the clouds which were growing dark and threatening assumed a sun-brightness once more.

Frederick, the first born, was a lovely boy. In him the soul of his mother seemed personified; and well might she look with pride on him, who was the first in all the world to love her as she prayed one human being might. She was *satisfied* when his eyes fixed upon her, when his voice called her, when he followed in her footsteps, like an attendant angel. She asked no more of Earth's good things when his merry laugh rung in her ear, when his smiling happy face was before her. With the other children born unto these parents, there was a mother's love born—a twin with each, a protector to each. It sprung with them into such exultant life, that none who looked upon Evelyn then could say, 'She is unhappy.' She became more beautiful than she had been in her girlhood; and the peacefulness, the continual harmony of her existence in those days, proved that she was satisfied. In these young beings her own dead youth was beautifully revived; in the sunshine that enveloped them she revelled; and the 'light-joy' of perfect innocence and contentment, which was over them, reflected itself in and through her.

How terrible then was the awakening from this security of happiness to an unimagined, unthought-of sorrow! The immutability of her idols had seemed a thing unquestioned; she had never borne to think they might be shattered, she had *never* thought it. And, therefore, when Death came and stood before her, and clasped her infant in his arms, she was frantic in her grief.

In her bereavement the wife was indeed most lonely. During the several months in which one by one the three younger boys successively sickened and died, it was in Frederick's presence, in his voice alone, that she found any comfort. Her husband's tears did indeed fall with hers over the lifeless children, and with a heavy heart he followed them to the burial-place, but it seemed the loss of *heirs* that he most mourned. The children had never been to him what they were to her. It was in the passionate grief of the last surviving son that she could best sympathize; and with him clasping her hand when the third of her offspring was laid in the grave, Evelyn felt that there was yet left on earth a comfort and an exceeding joy. How infinitely precious he became in her sight, whoso has bound up all their hope in this life,

and all their deep affection, in one human being, will fully comprehend. He was her future. The rainbow of promise circled his glorious forehead, the sunlight of beauty was on his hair, and in his eyes, and in his graceful figure. When he was merry she was a very child in her gladness. His boyish grief made her also sorrowful; she seemed indeed an elder sister rather than the mother of the lad; a gentle, fond, and proud companion, rather than an instructor or guide.

As year by year passed on, and still the child was spared, the trembling foreboding with which Evelyn had, on every succeeding morrow, clasped him to her breast, passed, and a blessed conviction that *HE*, who is most merciful and just in all *HIS* ways, would grant long life to her darling, began to fill her mind. Then she built up high hopes of his manhood; she saw him pressing on in the loftiest paths of being, and how earnest was she in her endeavor to educate his heart! And a bright reward was given the mother for this labor of love in the honest and noble spirit of the boy, in his virtue, in his filial reverence and devotedness to both parents. Looking then into his clear eyes, she read a joyful truth in them, respecting the lofty character of her child.

‘That he should die!’ No warning of a calamity so awful was given in the healthful look, the ringing voice, and the winged footsteps of the boy; and indeed it was without any warning that Frederick was called away. There were but a few brief moments of solitary struggle in the night-time that passed between the sleep of life and the breathless slumber of the dead. And *she* was not there to hear his struggling and his cry; to hear him, when the convulsion and the agony were over, murmur her name with his dying breath!

When the sunlight of morning streamed in at the window of his room, which was close adjoining hers, Evelyn stood by his bed-side, as she was wont, to welcome him back to day and to her heart; but his greeting was for her ear no more; his smile was no longer to rival that sunshine which flooded the little chamber. Long, long continued was the vain effort to bring him back again, and frantic was the voice that rung through the solemnly silent room, whose walls alone coldly echoed his dear name: and all the while upon his young face was an expression inexpressibly tranquil and soft, which, while it bitterly mocked her despair, seemed to rebuke her sorrow.

As I have already said, when Frederick was arrayed for the grave, and placed in his coffin, there was a wondrous calmness, a strange composure in the face, the voice, the manner of the mother. Yes; for in her also had there been a death and a burial, and she had wept the last tears, had passed the last agony. All indeed of *life* was over to her; and whatsoever of misfortune or of suffering might yet befall her, would be without a name, and without reality to her. Of old a bright, bewildering light had danced in her large eyes, gloriously brilliant when her heart was glad, mournfully sweet in the days of sorrow: that light was now entirely vanished, and it was chilling to the heart when she fixed her gaze on the things of the earth, which were now but as chaos, as void to her. Once in her youth, and after her marriage, indeed, her voice vibrated, like a rich stringed instrument, with every emotion, but a cold, even metallic ring, was now in the calm cadence of her words

Jesse Clause knew that there was a change in his wife, but he could not understand it. When after two years of mourning she laid aside the dreary garments, and went with him into the world, to become like the mass with whom they mingled, only more brilliant, more courteous, more enchanting than the syrens there to be found, he was vastly proud of her — prouder than he had been when he wedded the timid, lovely girl. Freely he laid before her the wealth which made their dwelling-place to rival all others in splendor, and their magnificence became their fame. The life which Evelyn Clause now led was the same as is vouchsafed to many, and is lived in completeness by them; only her career as a fashionable woman was not marked or marred by littleness in any shape; she had no faults that any could discover; she was generous and just, not only to the beggar at her gate, to the people in her employ, but also to her daily companions, and to her husband. Her tongue spoke no evil or malice; her counsel was never denied when it was sought. But Evelyn was without God, and without hope in the world. To Him who had taken away the treasures that He gave she never bowed her knee, or her soul. Into the house that is made with hands, the earthly courts of the ALMIGHTY, she never entered from the day of that last funeral, which had gone forth from her home. There were a multitude who admired her, a multitude who envied her; but, alas! she was of all about her most miserable; not because sick at heart — her heart was *dead* — but in that affliction had driven her from Him who ‘wounds us for His mercy’s sake.’

The life which she lived — what was it to her? Yet as the wife of Jesse Clause it was the only life which she imagined she could live; and when Evelyn saw that in this career she had reached the standard which was perfection in her husband’s eyes, she abated not one jot. She suffered him to find his pride in her because for herself she knew there was nothing, *nothing* but an automaton existence, which, by reason of its nature, could not find in the world anything to charm, or to interest, or to rejoice in. To many there was something *too* cold in the supreme indifference, the perfect calmness of the lady; but the most about her saw only the perfection of style in her manner and her raiment, and they labored hard to imitate that which, alas! in Evelyn was but the natural expression of one whose heart is dead; over whom the burial service most solemn has been read; for whom in this world there is no possible resurrection.

So long as her husband lived, this was the wife’s mode of life; but the old man died at last, and left his fortune without a single reservation to Evelyn. Then there was an instant change, that *might* have betokened much to the wondering world in her. Among her husband’s relatives and her own, in charities wide and almost numberless, that immense property was dispersed, and penniless the widow went away from the world where she had suffered uncounted agonies, and shone a brilliant star, to the silence and obscurity of a convent.

There may be some glancing over this record who have not yet forgotten thus much of her history, and my words may now have awakened freshly in their remembrance the beautiful woman whose sudden departure from among them was an event so far beyond their compre-

hension. O then, reader, could I unseal to you those years of convent-life which passed over her head; could I tell you of the prayers that went up from the hearts of the holy sisterhood for her, day after day, through all those many years, a fountain of tears would open in thy heart, that might never be sealed again; and bearing her in mind, how humbly henceforth — nay, how thankfully — wouldst thou receive at thy FATHER'S hand the cup of grief, knowing that these light afflictions, bitter though they seem, are but for a moment!

It was a dreary life that Evelyn led — I had almost said it was a hopeless death she died; but that I may not say, that I will not believe; for they who entered her cell late one Sabbath morning found her on her knees — and she was dead! And so her last breath may have been a prayer.

F R E E D O M .

TYRANTS, with cruel and despotic sway,
 May hold man bound through weary centuries,
 Forcing him to submission. They may plant
 Armies as pillars to support their thrones,
 And navies on the blue and boundless sea
 To guard their wide dominions. All the pomp
 And majesty of royalty may move
 And awe the mind of man, and be a cloak
 Of veneration for the kingly form,
 To shield him from suspicion. Yet the air
 Is free to fettered nations. The majestic sea
 And the swift winds may wreck his navies.
 The tall old forests, nurtured beneath the sky
 And breathing the illimitable air,
 Chant their wild music and inspire the breasts
 Of all who tread them with the love of freedom.
 Their solemn songs and untaught melody
 Possess a syren's charms to rend the bolts
 And chains of tyrants. The cloud-soaring eagle
 Fixes his eyry on some lofty cliff,
 With innate love of freedom. Mountains lift up
 Their heads all crowned and diademed with snow,
 Purer and loftier than the crowns of kings.
 Heaven's immeasured host, the burning sun
 Lighting creation with his wings of fire,
 The extended firmament and melodious sea,
 Valleys and hills, and all created things,
 Hymn one perpetual song to Liberty.
 Yet, Freedom, are thy victories to be won!
 Yet must thou wrestle with the stern, strong powers
 Of tyranny, and rush to battle with
 Thy armor on, until thou shalt have made
 Tyrants to quail and tremble in their dens.
 Then thou shalt rise up, powerful and strong,
 To burst thy fetters; and the mighty West,
 Whose flag now proudly floats upon the breeze
 Which fans an empire stretched from sea to sea,
 Whose hearts, attuned to sympathy, still beat
 With lofty hopes for her immortal cause,
 Shall raise a song of triumph which the vales
 And 'rock-ribbed' mountains will reëcho back.

G. B. M.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

EL PUCHERO: OR A MIXED DISH FROM MEXICO. By RICHARD McSHERRY, M. D., U. S. N. In one volume. pp. 247. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

It was the remark, if we mistake not, of the late GILBERT STUART, that there were no such things as 'tolerable' pictures or 'tolerable' eggs; they were either *good* or *bad*. He might with some justice have included books, although there are perhaps many very well-meaning people who endorse the current expression, 'A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.' With all due deference, we think otherwise. That the author of the volume, the title of which is given above, has succeeded in writing a book on a somewhat thread-bare subject any way readable, is much to his credit; that he has been successful in writing one replete with interest will, we think, be conceded by all who have read it, or may hereafter read it. To go over ground that has been gone over by others, and described again and again, and to say any thing new, or to repeat what has been said in a fresher and better style, calls for talent of no ordinary description, as numberless signal failures amply testify. For instance, what probability of success would attend the publication of a new book of *Travels in the East*? — a field that has been so frequently reaped that only meagre gleanings at best could be expected. POMPEY's Pillar, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the gorgeous sunsets at old Cairo, have ceased to be wondered at; the Nile has been robbed of its mystery; the Bedouins no longer excite alarm; the temples of Denderah, Karnac, Isis and Medinet Abou have no more secrets to unfold; the Obelisk of Luxor has been brought to our own door; the Tombs of the Kings have been explored; the Fountain of Marah has been tasted; the Red Sea and the Desert have been crossed; and the oriental traveller's occupation, if not gone, has dwindled to a triviality. With Mexico, a subject of great interest to Americans, particularly since the recent war, the case is hardly different. The press has teemed with volumes descriptive of the country and its inhabitants, and abounding in details of the operations of our army under command of the gallant and successful generals SCOTT and TAYLOR, many of them admirably written; and yet, we repeat, the author of 'El Puchero' has given the world a book of travels, spirited, reliable, and one that will take rank with the best. A surgeon in the army that followed General SCOTT from the storming of Vera Cruz to the capture of the city of Mexico, Dr. McSHERRY enjoyed favorable opportunities for giving accurate accounts of each day's scenes: that those opportunities were not neglected, the succeeding extracts, selected almost at random, will bear witness. Evidences of hasty, careless composition are apparent in the first few letters of the volume, which are not detected in those that follow; and we cannot but regret that the author had not bestowed a little more care on that portion of his book, the impression it conveys of his style being unplea-

sant. This defect, however, will scarcely be remembered by those who read the volume through, and perhaps would not be noticed at all were it in a less conspicuous part. Accounts of the battles of Vera Cruz and Cerro-Gordo, carefully prepared from official documents by DAVID HOLMES CONRAD, Esq., of Virginia, together with a list of officers of the United States army and volunteers who were engaged in the battles of the valley of Mexico under command of Major-General WINFIELD SCOTT, are appended to the volume. We proceed to present all the extracts for which we can find space. The following are from two letters, dated 'near Lake Chalco,' in August, and 'San Augustin do los Cuevas:'

'This valley is marked by numerous truncated cones, varying in height from one to five hundred feet, which are extinct craters. What must have been the condition of the basin when it was, as it were, one huge caldron, boiling over at so many points! Imagine, if you can, hundreds of these Cyclopean chimneys belching forth at once fire and smoke, sending forth torrents of liquid lava, boiling and raging as it descended to spread over the troubled and trembling plain! And if the pigmy earthquakes and eruptions of this age of the world are accompanied by so fearful a roar, what must it have been when these huge mountains were heaved up to their present wondrous height by the giant throes of earth convulsed! Behold the change. Nature is stilled and hushed; a calm serenity, a death-like stillness rests upon the scene once so fearful: and man, the creature of yesterday, weak and proud, dares to wake the slumbering hills and dales with his contests; and to announce, upon this spot, through the iron throats of his destroying agents, the story of his ambition and his hate! . . . Our slow progress gave us some opportunity of seeing the cultivation of the country, as we passed through and by many fields and patches that represent the market-gardens near our large cities. The most important article of produce appears to be the *Agave Americana*, or maguey plant, which is the vine of Mexico: it furnishes *pulque*, the wine of the country, and *mescal*, a strong alcoholic drink, somewhat resembling Irish whiskey. If the Mexicans were a poetic people, many would be the odes, written and sung, in honor of the former, for it receives the devoted attentions of all classes of people, as the numerous signs attest at innumerable *pulquerias*. You are constantly seeing by the road-side not only men, women, and children, with pulque for sale, but at every angle of the road a hut with tempting invitations, as follows: '*Pulque!! al nectar, de los Dioses*,' '*Pulques Fines de —*,' from some particular hacienda, as fine wines from some particular vineyard. The walls of the *pulquerias* are commonly adorned with illustrations in fresco of the charms of the beverage. It is the fermented juice of the maguey, and varies in strength and condition, like cider. Our people were at first as much prejudiced against it as are the natives in its favor; and when one sees the uninviting form in which it is carried to market, it requires a stomach above all squeamishness to acquire a relish for it. A string of dirty and squalid-looking Indians, with long-matted hair, garments of the scantest, leaving the chest and limbs exposed, feet bare, or with the simplest sandals, and the whole person sunburnt almost to blackness, are the *cargadores* of the precious burden, which they bring on their backs in skins. These last preserve the form of the 'entire swine' from which they are taken; so that every Indian appears to have a hog on his shoulders, wanting only the head. The tails and legs stand out in bold relief, occasionally moved by the fluctuations of the contained liquid. But campaigning cures fastidiousness so effectually, that dirt becomes a sort of condiment, or at least nobody objects to it; and pulque soon obtained favor, in spite of Indians and hog-skins. It is really a most refreshing beverage, with a piquancy peculiar to itself, that becomes by habit very grateful. The immoderate use of it, as of hard cider, causes intoxication. It is obtained somewhat as follows: About the period of inflorescence, when the plant has reached from five to ten years of its growth, the central leaves are cut, and the juice, which was to have been expended in furnishing the flowers, exudes slowly for some months, when it is daily collected in gourds by the Indians, and kept until it undergoes the necessary fermentation, a process much hastened by the addition of a little old pulque. The first liquor is called *agua miel*, (honey-water;) it is rich in sugar and mucilage, and the taste resembles much that of the milk of the green cocoanut, a favorite beverage wherever known. I have drank the sweet liquid from the cup formed in the plant for receiving it as it exudes; but the Mexicans never use it until after fermentation. The plant fulfilled various purposes among the Aztecs: it furnished them paper, coverings for their houses, lancets, from the sharp prickles bordering the leaves, needles, cordage and cloth, from the strong fibres which form the texture of the leaves, and, as now, impenetrable hedges. Ropes are still made of the fibres, of such strength that bridges are suspended on them in certain parts of Mexico. Withal, the plant, so rich in juices, will thrive in a soil too arid to produce any of the ordinary fruits of the earth. It has other uses, you see, besides bringing pulque and mescal.'

The subjoined passages, in a letter written from Mexico after the battle of Chepul-tepec, will afford the reader a vivid idea of the horrors of war:

'HEAPS of dead and wounded presented themselves to my vision on every hand, as I approached the castle. The wounded Americans were carried in as fast as possible; the Mexicans, though there was every disposition to give them the attention humanity required, had to bide their time. Our losses had been heavy, but theirs greater incomparably, notwithstanding the shelter they had enjoyed to the last moment from their defences. Their dead bodies lay in masses of tens, twenties, or more, wherever there had been concentration; some there were gasping in the last agonies, with their dark faces upturned to the sun, like fish thrown on shore by the angler, writhing and struggling in death; others lay motionless, but an occasional gasp, an upheaving of the chest, alone gave evidence that the vital spark had not entirely fled. Upon entering the castle, I was arrested by some Mexican officers, who besought me to see a person, apparently a general officer, to whom they were attending. One moment sufficed. A ball had passed through his neck, another through his head;

he was speechless and motionless, the blood was passing into his windpipe, but his dying eyes seemed to say he knew his own condition, as I believe he did. As his case was hopeless, I passed immediately on, only pausing a moment to gaze on the fearful mutilations of the human body lying around. There were crushed heads, mangled limbs, and torn-up bodies, brains, hearts, lungs, and bowels released from their natural confines, eyes hanging out from their sockets, and all the lacerations and contusions that follow the use of fire-arms, the sabre, or the bayonet. Brave officers, who had just participated actively in the fearful scene, told me they had enough of the horrors of war, and hoped never again to witness them. I soon was earnestly engaged in my occupations, lopping off crushed limbs, and dressing wounds, snatching occasional moments to glance at the movements of the troops, as they moved along the causeways, by the aqueducts, to the city. . . . I was fagged with labor, hungry and sleepy; but there was no rest to be had there. I passed the night operating and assisting the operations of others. At times I threw my weary person down on one of the benches for a little sleep, to enable me to continue my labors: but sleep had fled far from me, and the groans and cries of the sufferers, the heavy tread of soldiers bringing in wounded, the flashing lights of the surgeons and attendants, dispelled the hope of a moment's repose. About midnight a considerate person boiled a little coffee for those who stood in need of it, or rather for such as saw it, for all were nearly famished; and I found half a tincupful, without milk or sugar, but accompanied by a little dry bread, refreshing and renovating. Although there was immense suffering among the wounded, they bore it generally with remarkable stoicism: men in their senses seemed to scorn to complain, but lay patiently awaiting the operation, or the change that was to decide the prospect of life or death. In one instance, while taking off the forearm of a rifleman, a sturdy son of the Emerald Isle, with a shattered wrist, he conversed calmly during the operation, uttering not a groan; and the arteries were scarcely tied, before he was smoking a pipe borrowed from a comrade. Men seemed to feel cut off from human sympathies, and certainly were not unnerved, as is so common in civil life, by the kind and gentle attentions of friends.

In times gone by, it would appear that Mexico suffered not a little from civil and religious quarrels, governmental mal-administration, revolts of Indians, and, high as the metropolis is, from inundations:

“GENERAL inundations and fearful earthquakes caused, at times, great desolation, but were scarcely more disastrous to the masses than the fictitious contests of their local rulers. During some of the inundations, the waters rose to the height of eight or ten feet in the streets of the city, drowning thousands, of Indians especially, destroying their habitations, and bringing, secondarily, pestilence and famine. Wide-spread disease followed the slow drying up on the surrounding *potreros*, or low grounds, while famine followed the extensive loss of provisions caused by the floods. It became, of course, a matter of the first importance to protect the community from such disastrous visitations, and even in the days of Montezuma, dikes and drains were made at great labor and expense. They were, however, quite ineffectual; so much so, that after the Spaniards had devoted many years of scientific labor to the same object, the streets of the city were under water, and intercourse had to be carried on in boats. Many expedients were devised for directing the superabundant water of the lakes out of the valley, which, after many delays, was at length effected. Of the five lakes in the valley, the surface of three is higher than the level of the city; of the three to the north of it, that of Tescuco, the nearest, is some three feet below that level; that of San Cristobal, a mile beyond Tescuco, is eight feet above it, and that of Zumpango, a league to the northward and westward, is about twenty feet above the level of San Cristobal. Into Zumpango emptied the river Guantillan; and as the former had no outlet, during a long prevalence of northerly winds, its waters passed to San Cristobal, where, uniting in one, the two, rushing into Tescuco, spread rapidly over the low shores upon which stands the city. By immense labor, the Guantillan has been turned from Zumpango to the river Tulu, or Montezuma, by which it passes, through the Rio Tampico, to the ocean. Drains from San Cristobal and Tescuco connect with the great river channel, called the *Rio del Desague*; and thus the city remains free from the dangers of deluge. This diversion of waters, while it saves the city, has been the cause of robbing the valley of a great part of its fertility. The floating gardens we read so much of have long since disappeared; there are now to be seen in place of them, slips of land reclaimed from the marshes, intersected by numerous ditches, and which can only be approached in boats. These then represent the floating gardens, and contribute to supply the city market with fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

“The great work of the *Desague*, or drain through the mountains, was effected, as everything else in Mexico in the way of great internal improvement, under Spanish dominion. The Mexicans are beset with the *laissez aller* spirit of old CUFFEE, who would not leave his chimney-corner to repair his leaky roof during the rain, and as to repairing it during dry weather that was useless, as the old roof answered as well then as a new one. The Mexican government sits like an incubus on the people, doing nothing for their welfare, and the old people look back with regret to the old *régime*. They say it is a mockery to speak of the Mexican republic; that they have the burdens of monarchy without its stability. That abuses abounded during the time of the vice-regal sway is admitted, yet in those days it appears there was greater security for life and property. The scientific establishments planted and fostered then, have now dwindled into insignificance; the great highways and bridges are in the state in which the republic found them, except for the ravages of time. It matters little what a government is called, the *spirit* of a republic exists not here. The old nobility retain their titles (by custom); high functionaries affect princely style, and the humbler *empleados* practise more than courtly servility. Mexico, to become a republic, wants regeneration, wants a PEOPLE, for there is nothing in the land deserving that appellation. The middle classes, that body politic that gives strength and stability to states, are but fragmentary; great landholders and princely merchants represent the aristocracy; the army, the church, shopkeepers, artisans, etc., and adventurers, and place-seekers of all kinds, fill up the space between the *ricos hombres*, and the *peons* of the soil.”

We take our leave of this agreeable volume, commending it to the reader as a work well calculated to afford entertainment and valuable information, and each in no ordinary degree.

STUBBS' CALENDAR: OR THE FATAL BOOTS. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' etc., etc. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

We need not mention that there is good store of entertainment in this little book, for THACKERAY has never written a work, that we have encountered, which did not elicit at least this praise from his readers. But better than entertainment, more valuable than amusement, is the moral lesson conveyed by the history of Mr. STUBBS. He is a mean, narrow-souled man, whose selfishness is transparent in every act of his sneaking life; and by a singularly dramatic and entertaining concatenation of circumstances, his very selfishness is made to 'work him much annoy' from his very childhood, until at last he is left worse than a beggar, despised and scorned by all with whom he had ever come in contact. We are not going to give the story, nor shall we say any thing of the 'Boots' on which so many important events of STUBBS' contemptible life hinge, for we wish to stimulate without satisfying the reader's curiosity, so that he may be moved to compass the entire history. We give only a single passage in the early life of the hero:

'I BEGAN at school that life of prudence and economy which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me); and beside, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do: wherever I saw six half-pence I took one. If it was asked for I said I had taken it, and gave it back; if it was not missed I said nothing about it, as why should I? Those who do not miss their money do not lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, beside mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me 'the copper merchant,' I had such lots of it.

'Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself; and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels; I never was very high in the class, or very low. But there was no chap so much respected; and why? *I'd always money.* The other boys spent all theirs in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when theirs was gone, and they had but their three-pence a week to look to for the rest of the half year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that three-half-pence out of the three-pence a week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. SWISHTAIL'S came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, TOM HICKS wanted a slice of gingerbread; who had the money? Little BOB STUBBS, to be sure. 'HICKS,' I used to say, 'I'll buy you three-ha'p'orth of gingerbread, if you'll give me three-pence next Saturday;' and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-half-pence; then there was the three-pence I was to have the next Saturday. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half year: I lent a chap by the name of DICK BURNING three-half-pence the first Saturday for three-pence the next; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blessed if I did not make him pay me three-half-pence for three-and-twenty weeks running; making two shillings and ten-pence-halfpenny! But he was a sad dishonorable fellow, DICK BURNING; for, after I had been so kind to him, and let him off for three-and-twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and three-pence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due: for the first week the three-pence would be six-pence: second week, a shilling; third week, two shillings; fourth week, four shillings; fifth week, eight shillings; sixth week, sixteen shillings. Nothing could be more just; and yet, will it be believed? When BURNING came back he offered me three-half-pence! — the mean, dishonest scoundrel!

'However, I was even with him, I can tell you. He spent all his money in a fortnight, and then I screwed him down! I made him, beside giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread-and-butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king; and what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, beside fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle-screw, which I got from another chap. It was n't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I'd had in the year, was it? Heigh-ho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

'Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle-screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. 'Bless him! bless him!' says she, 'to think of his old father! And where did you purchase it, BOB?' 'Why, mother,' says I, 'I purchased it out of my savings' (which was as true as the gospel). When I said this, mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. 'Is he not a noble boy?' says she to my father; 'and only nine years old!' 'Faith,' says my father, 'he is a good lad, SUSAN! Thank thee, my boy; and here is a crown-piece in return for thy bottle-screw; it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too,' says my father; and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar), and, by JUPITER! on this night I had my little skin full; for there was no stinting, so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle-screw.

The best of it was, it only cost me three-pence originally, which a chap could not pay me. Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous toward my parents; and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got SALLY, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it that she went into town and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper; but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. 'I sha' n't give you any thing, Bob, this time,' says he; 'and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents, for really they are too expensive.' Expensive, indeed! I hate meanness — even in a father.

'I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which BUNTING gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth — that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do, but writes back to Dr. SWISHTAIL, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat.

'What waistcoat is it?' said the Doctor to me; 'and who gave it to you?'

'BUNTING gave it me, Sir,' says I.

'Call BUNTING;' and up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it? he burst into tears; told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it up for a debt to 'Copper Merchant,' as the nasty little blackguard called me. He then said, how, for three-halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three-halfpence!) — how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner; and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas.

'My courage almost fails as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said he should put them into the poor-box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said: 'Take off your coat, Mr. STUBBS, and restore BUNTING his waistcoat.' I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat: 'Stop! stop!' says he; 'TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!'

'Ruthless, brutal villain! SAM HOPKINS, the biggest boy, took them down — horsed me — and I was flogged, Sir; yes, flogged! Oh, revenge! I, ROBERT STUBBS, who had done nothing but what was right, was BRUTALLY FLOGGED at ten years of age! Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long!'

As was the boy, so was the man; and we are right glad to be enabled to state, that in all the larger transactions of his after life, in trade, finance, love, matrimony, etc., STUBBS met with no better success. His history is neatly printed, and the inimitable CRUIKSHANK has exceeded even himself in the numerous illustrations.

RURAL HOURS. By A LADY. In one volume octavo. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 153, Broadway.

THIS is a delightful book; a book to take up of a summer's day, and read by single chapters; each one of which will almost imperceptibly transport the reader into the quiet country; and if it shall have been his good fortune to have been born, or at some period of his early life to have lived in, the country, he will soon be in the midst of a thousand pleasant recollections. This volume is a striking example of the good that may be secured, the pleasure that may be enjoyed, by a mind gifted with acute observation and refinement, in the every-day life of the country. The notes of which the work is composed are in the journal form, and are the simple record of those little events which make up the course of the seasons in rural life, and were commenced in the spring of 1848 solely for the writer's own amusement. 'In wandering about the fields,' she tells us in her preface, 'during a long, unbroken residence in the country, one naturally gleams many trifling observations on rustic matters, which are afterward remembered with pleasure by the fire-side, and gladly shared perhaps with one's friends.' She therefore modestly ventures to offer her notes to the reader,

‘more from the interest of the subject than from any merit of their own.’ But they *have* merit of their own, and that of no common order. They are written in a style of simple elegance, without a particle of affectation; the subjects which arrest the attention of the author evince a fine poetical susceptibility to the beautiful, and great accuracy of observation in minute detail; and the whole is imbued with true womanly delicacy of perception and feeling. Birds, trees, and flowers; changes of weather, of day and night, and of the seasons; these are all treated of in a way so earnest and so felicitous, that one cannot help but see that the writer’s heart was in each record of her pleasant journal. It has transpired that the writer is a daughter of J. FENNIMORE COOPER, Esq., the distinguished American novelist. If this should prove to be so, there will be at least one example of literary talent being transmissible to one’s posterity. The volume is marked by the uniform typographical elegance of works from PUTNAM’S press.

EUROPE, PAST AND PRESENT: a Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History.
By FRANCIS H. UNGEWITTER, LL. D. In one volume. pp. 671. New-York and London:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

DR. UNGEWITTER is the author of several extensive geographical works which have been successfully published in Germany, his native country; and in the work before us he offers to the American public an authentic guide in European geography and history. As the value of such a work must necessarily depend entirely upon its authenticity and accuracy, it is well that our author has previously established a high reputation as an author in whose works, in a country eminently learned and critical, these qualities were conspicuous. In the present volume he has aimed, with success, to avoid all superficial and unfounded statements on the one hand, and to steer clear of pedantry and prolixity on the other. The materials he has employed are original and authentic. The official almanacs, published every year in most European countries; censuses, taken at certain periods, and not restricted to the population only, but extended to a great variety of other matters; with special geographical and historical descriptions, written by native scholars; these have supplied our author with reliable and copious statistical particulars; added to which, may be mentioned official parliamentary reports and documents, authentic statements with regard to the public finances, the army, navy, etc. More than all, our author has himself personally visited most of the European countries described, and has thus been enabled to fill up deficiencies which are inevitable to one who knows a people or country only through the medium of books. An index annexed to the volume contains nearly ten thousand names, by the aid of which the reader will readily be enabled to find any essential fact connected with geography or history; while the table of contents prefixed to the volume gives at once a clear view of the fifty-six states which constitute political Europe. By compressing into one common description the mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, etc., of all Europe, much tedious repetition is judiciously avoided. The order observed is worthy of remark and of imitation. First, we have records of the area, population, surface, soil, natural products, manufactures, commerce, trade, public finances, form of government, strength of the army and (if any) the navy; secondly, the history, and thirdly, the topography, of the fifty-six European states. Verily, a comprehensive and well-arranged work, which must speedily find its way to the public favor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY THE LATE SYDNEY SMITH. — We have already given two or three passages, taken from the London literary journals, of a work by the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH. These and kindred passages transpired before the work had yet appeared in England, and whetted the public appetite for the forthcoming volume, which subsequently appeared, and now lies before us, reprinted in a handsome form by the BROTHERS HARPER. The work consists of '*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*,' delivered at the Royal Institution in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806. It appears from the preface that not long after their delivery they were submitted to Lord JEFFREY, of Edinburgh, who rather discouraged their publication. Reading them over again, however, after the death of their author, he fortunately changed his mind. In a letter to Mrs. SMITH, he speaks of the great and unexpected pleasure he has derived from a re-perusal of the sketches, and marvels at the rash and ungracious judgment which he had previously passed upon them, after the perusal of only a few passages. He pronounces them eminently original, interesting and instructive, and adds: 'I did great and grievous injustice to their merits. My impression is that they will do the author as much credit as any thing he ever wrote, and produce on the whole a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect than most of what the world has yet seen of his writings. They are full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling, very clearly and pleasingly written, and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dogmatism, as is rarely met with. I retract therefore, peremptorily and firmly, the advice I formerly gave against their publication, and earnestly recommend you to lose no time in letting the public at large have the pleasure and benefit of their perusal.' Right glad are we that the great critic changed his mind, and that his last decision was acted upon; for a more delightful and instructive volume has not for years been given to the world. Its style is the perfection of good writing. One is not less impressed with the clearness and vigor of the thoughts than the plain, simple and felicitous language which clothes them. The strong *common sense* of the writer, that glorious quality, is every where apparent. Upon the little table where we laid the volume at night, to read after retiring to bed, was laid also the last issue of CARLYLE's '*Latter-Day Pamphlets*.' What a transition it was, to take up CARLYLE after reading SYDNEY SMITH! Walking through a clear silver stream into the thickest of mud-puddles! But without talking any longer about the book, suppose we proceed to make liberal extracts from it, in exemplification and justification of the high praise which we have awarded to it? And this

we can do very easily, for it is dog-eared and pencil-marked from title-page to colophon. In a 'Fragment of a Lecture' on 'Conception' we find pencilled the subjoined passage, illustrative of the confusion between our sensations and conceptions:

'I MAY think when I am awake of a chariot drawn by tigers; but I know *then*, it is merely a thought. When I am in a reverie, I am in a confused state between doubt and belief of its existence. When I am asleep, I take this thought for reality; and as our sensations follow one another in a regular and established order, and our conceptions are very loosely connected together, this is the reason of all the absurdity and incongruity of dreams. Indeed, sense and nonsense, congruity and incongruity, are only determined by the outer world; and we consider our conceptions to be wild or rational only as they correspond with it. According as sleep is more or less perfect, sensations do or do not produce an effect upon the mind, exactly the same as in reverie or in madness. A person may, in some cases, sleep so soundly, that the firing a pistol close to his ear will not rouse him; at other times the slightest sensation of light or noise will rouse him. A sort of intermediate state between these two is that where the sensation comes to the mind in so imperfect a state that it produces some effect upon the current of conceptions without correcting them. If there is a window left open, and the cold air blows in, the sufferer may think himself on the top of Mount Caucasus, buried in the snow; or the cat making a noise shall immediately transport him in imagination to the Opera.'

A squalling cat suggesting the *opera* to the dreaming ear is very SMITHISH. Speaking of the mistake which is often seen to take place from the confounding together of the ideas of memory and those of conception, our author makes the following comment, which we commend to the attention of parents: 'Children are often detected in falsehoods which evidently originate from this cause: they have not learned to distinguish between their memory and their conception, and therefore believe they have seen and heard things which they have only fancied.' Doubtless many a poor little fellow has suffered, physically and in reputation, from this evidently philosophical fact. 'In the same manner, very old men, approaching to their second infancy, are apt to confound what they have only conceived, with what they have remembered; and for this cause to become somewhat unintelligible to those who converse with them.' In a fragment of a lecture on 'Memory' we have marked the passage which ensues. STEWART, in his 'Elements of Philosophy, says: 'One old man I had the good fortune to know, who, after a long, an active, and an honorable life, having begun to feel some of the usual effects of advanced years, has been able to find resources in his own sagacity, against most of the inconveniences with which they are commonly attended; and who, by watching his gradual decline with the cool eye of an indifferent observer, and employing his ingenuity to retard its progress, has converted even the infirmities of age into a source of philosophical amusement.' To this our author appends the following remarks:

'I BELIEVE that this old gentleman was Dr. REID; and he certainly is a memorable instance of a victory gained over the infirmities of age. I have heard, from a friend of his, that at the age of seventy he was as keen and eager about the then new discoveries of chemistry as if he had been just beginning his career of science. Such facts appear to me to be of the greatest importance, as they evince what may be done by a noble effort of resolution. A modern writer, who at one time made some noise, says, that it is men's own fault if they die; that dying is a mere trick, which may be avoided with a little resolution. I can not quite go so far as this, but I am convinced, that it is for a long time in every man's power to determine whether he will be old or not. The outward marks of age we are all of us very willing to defer; forgetting that we may wear the inward bloom of youth with true dignity and grace, and be ready to learn, and eager to give pleasure to others to the latest moment of our existence.'

Personally, we are twenty-two; we do n't care who knows *our* age; but we commend the foregoing to those of our readers who may happen to be growing old, or who have '*seen* the time when they were as good as ever they were.' Here is a hint worthy of heed by those who rely upon pen-and-ink recollections rather than real memory:

'THERE can, I should think, be very little doubt, of the bad effects of habitually writing down those facts and events which we wish to remember; they are taken down for future consideration, and consequently receive very little present consideration. From a conviction that our knowledge

can be thus easily recalled. It is never systematically arranged or deeply engraved; we atone for the passive indolence of the mind by the mechanical labor of the hands, and write a volume without remembering a line. The desirable and the useful thing is, that we should carry our knowledge about with us, as we carry our health about with us; that the one should be exhibited in the alacrity of our actions, and the other proved by the vigor of our thoughts. I would as soon call a man healthy who had a physician's prescription in his pocket, which he could take and recover from, as I would say that a man had knowledge who had no other proof of it to afford, than a pile of closely-written common-place books. Every body knows the importance of exercising the memory; and it seems to be very useful to carry it to the extent of getting select passages by heart; it insensibly adds to the riches and the copiousness of fancy, and communicates, perhaps, a habit of attentive reading. This practice is carried to a prodigious extent in our public schools, and furnishes men with materials for wit and imagination through the whole of their lives. At the same time this practice is not without its danger, and that a very considerable one. He who trusts to what he can produce of other men's imagination is apt to lose the flower and freshness of his own, and gradually to sacrifice the vigor and originality of his mind.

We commend the annexed passage from a lecture on 'Imagination' to the consideration of a learned friend in the country, who disputed the correctness of an assumption on our part which was precisely identical with that contained in the close of this extract:

'In mechanical invention, no one would ever think of saying that Mr. BRAMAH had displayed a great deal of imagination in his patent locks, or that there was any poetry in a steam-engine; and yet the process in one and the other composition does not seem to be very dissimilar. Mr. GRAY, in speaking of Mars, gives to his lance the epithet of *thirsty*:

'On Thracia's hill the Lord of War
Shall curb the fury of his car,
And drop his thirsty lance at thy command.'

Now let us see how this epithet of *thirsty* got into the mind of Mr. GRAY. Perhaps he stole it (I believe he did;) but if he did, we have only to reflect how it got into the mind of the person whose original property it was. But let us *suppose* it to have been Mr. GRAY's own. By what process did he acquire it? He began thinking about lances, and all the common notions attached to that of a lance rushed into his mind; bloody, fierce, cruel, thick, thin, murderous, rapid, brazen, iron, etc., etc. At last came, all of a sudden, the epithet of *thirsty*; and the poet, perceiving its relation to his original substantive, and its aptitude to excite poetical feelings in the mind, immediately made it a part of his poem. If we follow out any long and complicated description in a poem, the same process will be found constantly to have taken place. Now is there any thing very different from this which takes place with respect to mechanical invention? You want to work the rod of a pump by means of a horizontal axis which revolves above it. In considering how it is to be effected, innumerable ideas connected with machinery crowd into the mind. A thousand projects are proposed, examined, and rejected, till at last the idea of a crank is hit upon. Its relation to the other parts is immediately perceived, and it becomes a part of the machine. Now in these two processes of mind, which have received such different names, I am not able to discover any difference; association brings together in each, a great number of connected ideas, and judgment discovers some relation between them which was not at first obvious; the only difference is in the ultimate objects which they have in view. The imagination of a poet proposes to itself to give pleasure by the sublime and beautiful; that of a mechanical inventor has in view to promote some purpose of utility. It is precisely the same with every sort of invention.

Toward the close of this lecture we have marked the subjoined passage:

'The imagination (which delights to be fed by the eye) is cherished and inflamed by great sights. Nothing can be more striking and solemn than the first sight of a mountainous country to a person who has been only accustomed to the sleepy flatness of an alluvial district. The abruptness and audacity of the scene, the swelling and magnitude of nature, the universal appearances of convulsion, the magnificent disorder and ruin, astonish a feeling mind, and not only fill it with grand images at present, but awaken its dormant life, rouse slumbering irritability, and tell those whom nature has made orators and poets that it is time to fulfil the noble purposes for which they were born.

'Mere magnitude — any thing vast — affects the imagination and sets it to work. A first-rate ship of war, or a Gothic cathedral, the waters of an immense river discharging itself into the sea, the boundless prospect of the earth below, that we gain from the top of a high mountain, an expanse of stormy sea, the concave of heaven in a serene night — all these examples of immensity are ever found to have a powerful effect upon this faculty of imagination.'

In the lecture 'On the Conduct of the Understanding' there is a pregnant lesson for those indolent young men who entertain the idea that there is an incompatibility of labor and genius; who having aspired to be geniuses, read nothing new, forget what they have read, and pretend to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, and thus collapse into the most frivolous and insignificant of men:

'It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of

the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing them that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians; men of the most brilliant and imposing talents; have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men, is, that they have taken more pains than other men.' . . . 'Generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent 'humility'; overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men; thinking while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world; and then, when their time was come and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind. Then do the multitude cry out, 'A miracle of genius!' Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.'

While our author venerates the ancient languages, he objects to their monopolizing study, in preference to other objects of more than equal importance. He objects to a student being led to hold nothing in honor and estimation but classical learning; to have no other idea of ignorance than false quantities, and no other idea of excellence than mellifluous longs and shorts. Here is a striking illustration of the wisdom of knowing more of *things* than of books: 'It is no more necessary that a man should remember the different dinners and suppers which have made him healthy, than the different books which have made him wise. Let us see the result of good food in a strong body, and the result of great reading in a full and powerful mind. Measure the value of study by the insight you get into *subjects*, not by the power of saying you have read many books.' Scarcely less characteristic and felicitous are these remarks upon the necessity of intellectual energy: 'In order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.' Elsewhere in the same lecture, speaking of the advantages derivable from the early knowledge of one's own peculiar constitution of mind, the writer observes: 'It is a prodigious power gained if any man can find out where his powers lie, and what are his deficiencies; if he can contrive to find out what nature intended him for. Most things in this world are done by persons who could have done something else better. If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly, that we can say they were almost made for each other.' We quote this passage from the lecture on 'Taste,' that our readers may enjoy the beautiful stanzas which they embrace:

'If a man were to discover that vinegar was sour, we should give him no great credit for his natural taste. If any man were to discover the true language of nature and of feeling in this little

poem of Mrs. Orie's, he would gain no credit for his metaphorical taste, because the beauties of it are too striking for a moment's hesitation:

'Go, youth beloved! in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayest grant this humble prayer —
Forget me not, forget me not!

'Yet should the thought of my mistress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think of me.
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness, be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forgot me not, forget me not!

For this very reason, the word taste has not been applied so often to novelty; because whether a thing be novel or not, is no question of critical inquiry, but of plain fact, which one man can answer to with as much satisfaction as another.

In reading the very admirable lecture on 'The Beautiful' we were struck with the force and spirit of these remarks:

'VARIETY is a very strong cause of beauty; and this is the reason why we are so fond of natural objects, and is the cause of the great bustle made about nature. I have no doubt but that (all other things being equal) a regular figure is more beautiful than an irregular figure, and that the principal reason why we like the strange figures presented to us in a forest among the boughs of the trees, or in a field by the irregular lay of the ground, is the perpetual gratification of this passion for variety which it affords. I went for the first time in my life, some years ago, to stay at a very grand and beautiful place in the country, where the grounds are said to be laid out with consummate taste. For the first three or four days I was perfectly enchanted; it seemed something so much better than nature, that I really began to wish the earth had been laid out according to the latest principles of improvement, and that the whole face of nature wore a little more the appearance of a park. In three days' time I was tired to death; a thistle, a nettle, a heap of dead bushes, any thing that wore the appearance of accident and want of intention, was quite a relief. I used to escape from the made grounds, and walk upon an adjacent goose-common, where the cart-ruts, gravel-pits, bumps, irregularities, coarse ungentleman-like grass, and all the varieties produced by neglect, were a thousand times more gratifying than the monotony of beauties the result of design, and crowded into narrow confines with a luxuriance and abundance utterly unknown to nature. When we speak of a beautiful landscape, we include under that term a vast variety of sensations; the beauty of colors, of smells, and of sounds. It would be difficult to look at milch cattle without thinking of the fragrance of their milk; or at hay in the hay-making season, without enjoying in imagination its delightful smell.'

Toward the close of the same lecture we have these reflections upon the immense effect which a love of the beautiful produces on human life, and especially in 'the desire of possessing.'

'Of possessing what? — not mere money, but every species of the beautiful which money can purchase. A man lies hid in a little, dirty, smoky room for twenty years of his life, and sums up as many columns of figures as would reach round half the earth, if they were laid at length; he gets rich; what does he do with his riches? He buys a large, well-proportioned house: in the arrangement of his furniture, he gratifies himself with all the beauty which splendid colors, regular figures, and smooth surfaces, can convey; he has the beauties of variety and association in his grounds; the cup out of which he drinks his tea is adorned with beautiful figures; the chair in which he sits is covered with smooth, shining leather; his table-cloth is of the most beautiful damask; mirrors reflect the lights from every quarter of the room; pictures of the best masters feed his eye with all the beauties of imitation. A million of human creatures are employed in this country in ministering to this feeling of the beautiful.'

The last article in our 'Gossip' for August was a striking anecdote from this same lecture, illustrative of the morally beautiful. There is a great deal of the writer's quiet, dry humor in the lecture 'On the Faculties of Animals, as compared with those of Men.' The lecturer remarks in opening, that he should be 'sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause by lecturing on *our* faculties;' and in reply to those 'who view all eulogiums on the brute creation with suspicion, and who look upon every compliment which is paid to the ape as high treason to the dignity of man,' he adds: 'I confess, I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind; I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen; I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music; that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding, which they may really possess.' Our extracts are already so large,

that we must needs content ourselves with commending this lecture to the reader's special attention. The subsequent lecture is upon 'The Faculties of Beasts,' and it is truly an admirable one. The writer argues that animals have the same *sort* of faculties as man, and that one great cause of man's superiority is his superior longevity. 'How diminutive and absurd,' he observes, 'all the efforts of man would have been, if the duration of his life had only been twenty years, and if he had died of old age just at the period when every human being begins to suspect that he is the wisest and most extraordinary person that ever did exist!' And he quotes *HELVETIUS* as avowing the belief that 'we only owe our superiority over the orang-outangs to the greater length of life conceded to us; and that if our life had been as short as theirs, they would have totally defeated us in the competition for ants and ripe blackberries!' Without agreeing with this extravagant statement, the lecturer is not sure that in a life of twenty years the efforts of the human mind might not have been so lowered that *HELVETIUS* might have been thought a good philosopher. How perfectly characteristic is the subjoined passage, touching another cause of man's superiority over the brute creation, to wit, his gregariousness:

'MAN's gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all other animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock; and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, can not possibly make any progress. Every man's understanding and acquirements, how great and extensive soever they may appear, are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions. You spend your morning in learning from *HUME* what happened at particular periods of your own history: you dine where some man tells you what he has observed in the East Indies, and another discourses of brown sugar and Jamaica. It is from these perpetual rills of knowledge that you refresh yourself, and become strong and healthy as you are. If lions would consort together, and growl out the observations they have made, about killing sheep and shepherds, the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, and so forth, they could not fail to improve; because they would be actuated by such a wide range of observation, and operating by the joint force of so many minds.'

The learned lecturer next mentions the advantage possessed by man over animals in the structure of his body and the mechanism of his hands. 'Suppose,' he says, 'that with all our understanding it had pleased *PROVIDENCE* to make us like lobsters, or to imprison us in shells, like crawfish, I very much question whether the monkeys would not have converted us into sauce; nor can I conceive any possible method by which such a fate could have been averted. Suppose man with the same faculties, the same body, and the hands and feet of an ox — what then would have been his fate?' Man owes something too, he adds, elsewhere, to his size and strength. 'If he had been only two feet high he could not possibly have subdued the earth, and roasted and boiled animated nature in the way he now does.' We segregate two or three passages from the conclusion of this lecture, to which we invite the close attention of the reader:

'*NOTHING* can be more weak and mistaken than to suppose that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul depends upon making brutes mere machines, or denying to them the mere outlines of our faculties. To talk of God being the soul of brutes, is the worst and most profane degradation of divine power. To suppose that He who regulates the rolling of the planets, and the return of seasons, by general laws, interferes, by a special act of his power, to make a bird fly, and an insect flutter; to suppose that a gaudy moth can not expand its wings to the breeze, or a lark unfold its plumage to the sun, without the special mandate of that God who fixes incipient passions in the human heart, and leaves them to produce a *BORGIA* to scourge mankind, or a *NEWTON* to instruct them; is not piety, nor science, but a most pernicious substitution of degrading conjectures, from an ignorant apprehension of the consequences of admitting plain facts. In the name of common sense, what have men to fear from allowing to beasts their miserable and contemptible pittance of faculties? What can those men have read of the immortality of the soul? what can they think of the strength of those arguments on which it is founded, if they believe it requires the aid of such contemptible and boyish jealousy of the lower order of beings? . . . What have the shadow and mockery of faculties, given to beasts, to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? have they any love of fame? do their small degrees of faculties ever give them any feelings of this nature? are their minds perpetually escaping into futurity? have they any love of posthumous fame? have they any knowledge of God? have they ever reached in their conceptions, the slightest traces of a hereafter? can they form the notion of duty and ac-

countability? is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the DEITY, to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not? . . . The weakest and the most absurd arguments ever used against religion, have been the attempts to compare brutes with men; and the weakest answer to these arguments have been the jealousies which men have exhibited of brutes. As facts are fairly stated, and boldly brought forward, the more all investigation goes to establish the ancient opinion of man, before it was confirmed by revealed religion, that brutes are of this world *only*; that man is imprisoned here only for a season, to take a better or a worse hereafter, as he deserves it. This old truth is the fountain of all goodness, and justice, and kindness among men: may we all feel it intimately, obey it perpetually, and profit by it eternally!

Equally catholic and sententious are these remarks, which we take from a lecture
'On the Conduct of the Understanding:'

'If black and white men live together, the consequence is, that, unless great care be taken, they quarrel and fight. There is nearly as strong a disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of a wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of a subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the lightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tastes exquisitely the fine feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else: whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views, its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent: they have all their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object: they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.'

To one who has learned so to exercise his understanding as to occupation and rational delight; who has gathered strength with every new difficulty which he has subdued, and who enjoys to-day as a pleasure that which yesterday he labored at as toil; to such, the following passage will come with additional force:

'It is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and *sacredly true!* To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the CREATOR has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our sun, that the quickness of light travelling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world; to go up with great reasoners to the FIRST CAUSE of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting; it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it, to give up to it laborious days; and to spurn for it present pleasures. . . . I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered; his faculties have done that which they were created to do; not languidly occupied upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength. A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? with whose happiness does he interfere? whom does his ambition destroy, and whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach; and there is one security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart; his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent; and, as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good and diminishing every evil of his existence.'

The extent to which our extracts have already gone preclude farther notice of the volume before us; although 'thick as the leaves in Valambrosa' are the pencilled leaves in the lectures on 'The Active Powers of the Mind,' 'Evil Affections,' 'The Passions,' 'The Desires,' 'Surprise, Novelty and Vanity,' 'The Sublime,' 'Habit,' etc.; but we can only commend these to the reader as preeminently calculated to reward a heedful perusal. Profound, intrepid, sensible, witty, humorous SYDNEY SMITH! what a loss the reading public sustained when he left a world he had instructed and delighted! His strong common sense, his power of trenchant satire, his uniform *bon hommie*, united with a charm of personal manner which we are told was inimitable, these qualities will perpetuate his memory, alike among his readers and his personal friends.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'DEATH,' says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door.' He stepped yesterday over the threshold of a friend with whom we have been for many a long year intimately associated; has 'changed his countenance and sent him away' to the land of spirits. WILLIAM OSBORN, the printer for more than sixteen years of this Magazine, is dead and in his grave! Side by side, at some time of almost every day, we sat together, during all that long period, engaged in proof-reading, or perhaps in pleasant chat, in which, when not otherwise employed, it was our wont to indulge. How many times, in summer's heat and winter's cold, in the freshness of spring and the decay of autumn, have we entered the office; always finding the same man in the same place, and in the same apparent mood; assiduous in his duty, if engaged, with the same equable, unruffled temperament; and if not employed, ever ready 'to converse,' as we used playfully to term it, until the proof-sheet, for which we both were waiting, should be ready for perusal and inspection. Ah! how many thousands of times have we read together the *salmagundi* which composes this 'home department' of the KNICKERBOCKER! Nor could we desire a better criterion, a more sure precursor, of what would, when published, be deemed a *true* thing, whether of humor or pathos, than the laughter or tears of our departed friend. He had a personal pride in the external appearance of the Magazine; and now that he has gone, it makes us sad to think how often impressions from the very types upon which this feeble tribute to his memory is printed have passed beneath the scrutiny of his careful eye; and sadder still, to feel that we shall no more be enabled to profit by his judicious counsels — that we shall 'see his face no more.' His equanimity of temper was seldom disturbed. When the great fire of 1835 destroyed his uninsured office, and we stood together upon the roof and saw two acres of flame rolling their fiery billows beneath and around us, he exhibited little perturbation; nor do we remember ever to have seen him when even temporary emotion or passion took the place of calm reason or manly self-respect. We close this notice of the lamented decease of our long-time associate with the following passage of a letter which we addressed, in the 'first person singular,' to our friend HORACE GREERLEY, of the Tribune, on the day after the death of Mr. OSBORN: 'I write you this note seated in the office-chair of the late WILLIAM OSBORN, printer, whose death is announced in your columns this morning. For sixteen years I have known the lamented deceased intimately and well; for, engaged in my duties as EDITOR of the KNICKERBOCKER, of which he was for so many years the printer, we were brought almost constantly together. I never knew a better, a more honest, upright and conscientious man. I doubt, such was the even tenor of his way, whether he had an enemy in the world. In the large business which he conducted, he was faithful to every trust committed to his charge. He was a true friend, a faithful husband, an honorable, high-minded man — a sincere Christian. For such, 'to die is gain.' He was for many years a deacon in Dr. CHEEVER's church, and was an active supporter of many benevolent and religious charities. He leaves behind him a wife, whose loss is irreparable, but no children. His enterprise and great industry enabled him to leave his family in easy if not affluent circumstances. His disease was a complication of disorders, involving the heart and liver, and he was, toward the last, attacked with a tendency of blood to the lungs. Peace to the remains of a

good man!' . . . A young correspondent, in a gossiping, familiar letter to the Editor, written from a western county of our noble state, draws a familiar picture in one passage of his letter: 'Our scenery lacks sadly the finish which water would give it. Had we some limpid, flowing stream, some saucy, dashing brooklet, or some wide majestic river, along whose banks we could saunter at evening, they would murmur many pleasant things to our ears. I love to dream of running water, or of floating down the current, with a pleasant ripple under the prow. Ah! there are some dream-pictures hanging in 'Memory's hall,' which have silvery streams flowing through them, so like life, that my heart leaps again at the thought of them! We are deficient also in mountains. One never has seen the world until, like the lark, he has breathed his morning song far, far above it, in the pure still air. Our farthest view has been some score of miles of smiling country from the 'Mountain-Ridge,' with Niagara river, like a vein of liquid silver, embroidering the verdant landscape, and winding along to the broad Ontario in the blue and far-off distance. There, though the villages (Lewiston and Queenston, on opposite sides of the river) seemed to lie at our feet, yet the hum of their busy stir scarce reached us, and came with a sound like the murmur of dallying winds through the miles of seemingly unbroken forest below. The shattered shaft of Brock's monument, on the opposite bank, stood glittering in the morning sunshine, like a giant sentinel motionless with long watching, and the steam-boats and sail-craft moving along the bright river were almost the only things wearing the semblance of wakeful vitality. I never saw a view of grander, calmer quietness than this.' . . . A CORRESPONDENT, in a recent letter, tells a good story of a rough sea-captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: 'Oh, LORD! I have n't been in the habit of calling upon THEE often; and if you'll just shift the wind from sou'-east to a leetle more sou,' I won't trouble you ag'in!' . . . WE marvel at the positive temerity of 'C. M.' in attempting a '*Hymn to Nature*.' That title has become forever associated with the lamented W. B. O. PEABODY. One stanza alone of his noble poem will live as long as there is a tree or a forest standing in America:

'God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up imploring arms to THEE:
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side in ranks they form,
And wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm!'

'A few days since,' writes a friend from a midland county of our state, 'coming up in the express train from Albany, the cars stopped at St. Johnsville, as usual, for five minutes. Not requiring any fortification at that early hour, I did not leave the cars for at least three minutes; then stepping to the refreshment-house, I heard 'Young America' shout, in tones of great urgency and mildness: 'Pa, you go back now!'—and with a gentle motion of the hand, again: 'Pa, you go back now!' 'Pa' returned toward the cars; when 'sonny,' quickly drawing his pocket-pistol, *took a drink!* This struck me as so peculiarly charac-car-trick-stic of JUVENIS AMERICUS, that I send it to you as one of the annotators of 'our times,' that you may know how the thing's done when 'Pa's along!' . . . AFTER the last number of this Magazine was prepared for the press, intelligence of the death of the PRESIDENT of the United States was borne on the wings of lightning to the remotest corners of the re-

public. Never was sorrow more pungent, never was grief more general, than for the sudden and unexpected death of this brave and good man. He died in his full strength, and in possession of the highest honors that earth can bestow; and his country has paid the last tribute to his memory by obsequies of the most marked distinction. The following beautiful lines to the memory of the departed hero and patriot are from the pen of a favorite correspondent of this Magazine, and are the best, in our judgment, to which the melancholy event has given rise:

It seems but yesterday when through the land,
Stirring all hearts as with a trumpet-blast,
Thy triumph rang from where the salt-sea sand
Rims the wide ocean to the prairies vast.

Then glanced thine eye, through wreaths of battle-smoke,
On ranks that reeled beneath War's iron hail;
Then on thy ear the cannon's thunders broke,
Drowning the frantic shout, the dying wail.

Unharm'd, triumphant, guiding as a star
Thy faithful few, till vict'ry, like a sun,
Rose on the night of battle, scatt'ring far
The beams of peace thy dauntless valor won.

Thou stoodest then, as Glory's fadeless wreath
A nation's millions bound around thy brow;
But ah! too soon the stealthy hand of Death
Hath plucked it thence—the cypress crowns thee now.

Yet art thou victor still—o'er death and time
Triumphant now, thy soul, in realms above,
Basks in the glory endless and sublime
That dwells forever round the throne of love!

Washington, July 12, 1850.

R. S. CHILTON.

'The following anecdote,' writes a town correspondent, 'which I have from the best authority, is perhaps worthy of being dished up for your *'Table.'* President DWIGHT, on the occasion of the surrender of BURGOYNE, delivered a sermon before General PUTNAM's brigade, on a text taken from the twentieth verse of the second chapter of JOEL: 'But I will remove far off from you the *northern army.*' When he had finished, the General declared himself delighted with the sermon, but would not be convinced that the parson had not made the text!' . . . We write this subsection of 'Gossipry' seated in one of the pleasant apartments of *Hall's Phoenix Hotel at Binghampton*, in the rich midland-southern county of Broome. It is now only half-past four o'clock in the afternoon; yet, with an old and genial friend, who is the companion of our travels, we were at half-past six this very morning in the goodly city of Gotham, two hundred and twenty-five miles away! We left the metropolis, almost sweltering in the close August heat, behind us, in the well-known steamer 'TOM POWELL,' and in an hour or so, passing along the noble Hudson, and through the waves of the blue Tappān-Zee, we were at Piermont, twenty-two miles. Here a long train of capacious and luxurious cars (there are no such cars elsewhere) received the great crowd of passengers which had filled 'the POWELL' to overflowing, and we were off at a flying pace, on the New-York and Erie Rail-Road. We have already described a winter-trip to Binghampton on this road; but to go over it in the middle of summer is a treat of too rare a description to be passed over in silence. There is no road of so great a length in the Union that in its whole course will compare, in the variety of its adjacent scenery, with the 'New-York and Erie.' Precipitous rocky heights, rushing streams and white water-falls, mountains pale and blue in the

distance, or verdantly swelling from nearer by, alternately arrest attention and command admiration; while ever and anon, 'vales stretching in pensive quietness between,' rich with grass and clover, or golden grain, and sweet sunny glades, diversify the prospect. As the traveller rushes onward, as if he were riding upon the wings of the wind, he cannot choose but see how the fastnesses of nature have been attacked and conquered, to construct the smooth highway upon which he is journeying so luxuriously. Deep valleys have been raised, high mountains brought low, sunless gorges crossed, broad rivers spanned, the steep rocky banks of rushing rivers terraced, by the enterprise and skill of man. As we crossed the 'Cascade Bridge' and the 'Starucea Viaduct,' we could not help but remember how they appeared when we were looking up at them from below, in company with Mr. LODER, the PRESIDENT of the road, standing in the snow, which was then some two feet deep upon the ground, in the depth of winter. Well do we remember the look of stern pride and honest gratification which beamed in his face, when he saw the impression made upon the spectators by these stupendous structures. Now that the road, even in its unfinished state, is exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends, and has utterly confounded its enemies, the stockholders and the public at large are beginning to see and to appreciate the wise forecaste and indomitable perseverance of Mr. LODER, assisted and supported in his arduous duties by the capable board of directors whom he has succeeded in gathering around him. But of this somewhat more in detail at another time. A little before four o'clock in the afternoon we began to descend, by a gentle grade, into the charming valley of the Susquehannah — beautiful name, more beautiful river! Surely nothing can exceed the charms of this vale, unless it be the far-famed valley of Wyoming, some seventy-five miles farther down the same lovely stream. 'What a model-landscape!' exclaimed our artist-friend and companion, pointing to the clean, close-shorn meadows and yellow grain-fields that lined either side of the blue river, as we swept toward the white steeples and handsome suburban edifices of the village; and truth to say, a 'model-landscape' it was; such an one as is rarely to be met with. Two minutes more, involving a supernatural shriek or two from the steam-whistle, and a rumbling into the car-house, and we are passing along the pleasant streets of the pleasant village to the pleasant 'Phoenix Hotel,' kept by a right pleasant host, called 'CLIF. HALL' for shortness; a popular citizen, who 'each particular knows' that can give zest to a guest's enjoyment, or make an inn yield him the 'warmest welcome.' A good hotel is the 'Phoenix,' well-officered, well-appointed, well-supplied, and we need scarcely add, well patronized. . . . Among many admirable things in the pile of communications which has been heaped up on the 'Table' during our absence, we find the annexed 'Sonnet' by our young friend STODDARD:

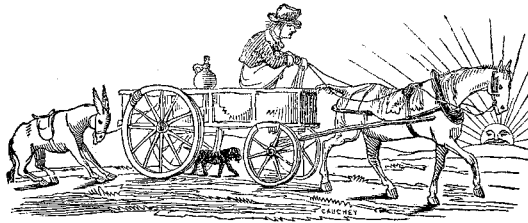
The cloud that hath so long bedimmed my star
 Begins to rift and part, with rims of light;
 And lo! the dawn begins to flood the night,
 And all the peaks of Poesy afar:
 And now, while Summer broods o'er Plenty's horn,
 Whose heaped fruit begins to pulp and swell,
 Let Fancy wake from all her dreams forlorn,
 And weave a crown of fadeless asphodel.
 Spur me, Ambition! to the proper heat;
 Sluggish and cold too long, I rouse at last,
 Shake off the dust, accusive on my feet,
 And turn my back upon the idle Past:
 I see the shining goal and join the race,
 Content to fail, but not to fill a common place!

R. V. S.

'MR. KNICKERBOCKER,' said an esteemed friend of ours the other evening at the new and handsome 'LEWIS House,' in Binghampton, 'permit me to introduce to your acquaintance the very 'Old KNICK.' himself' Yes; KNICKERBOCKER is the veritable name of the host of the 'LEWIS House;' and an elegant hostel does he keep, in a capacious modern edifice, with extended piazzas, large and well-arranged parlors, fine sleeping apartments, and a luxury of adornments and 'belongings,' which would not lose in comparison with the best of our town inns. Sitting in one of the pleasant rooms aforesaid, on the memorable evening aforesaid, in company with a few gentlemen (whose cordiality almost made us forget that we had not known each one of them from boyhood), the worthy host mentioned a professional anecdote that startled a guffaw from the 'present writer,' which was like unto the laugh of an 'orse for the loudness thereof. It—the anecdote—was as follows: The Irish 'Boots' attached to the establishment placed one morning at the door of a lodger an ill-assorted pair of boots. One was of fine calf-skin, of delicate proportions, the other a coarse cow-hide affair, a treasure for a Californian in the rainy season. 'Here!' exclaimed the lodger, calling after the boot-black, who was hurrying off, 'Here! how 's this? These boots are not mates.' 'Be Jabers, and that 's what bothers me ag'in!' replied 'Boots; ' 'there 's a man in the room below that 's been a-ballyraggin' me about the same thing! Bad 'cess to him, I did n't make his boots, nor your'n 'ither: I *blacks* 'em; that's what 's *my* business!' Could there be a more forcible illustration than this, of menial stupidity? 'Not convenient.' . . . THE name of Hon. C. CAMBRELENG's beautiful country-seat near Huntington, Long-Island, is *Kalmia*, so called from KALM, the Swedish botanist, who first carried the American laurel to Europe, where however it could not be made to bloom until after several years. . . . IN reading just now in a morning journal a touching account of a recent remarkable double-suicide, we thought of these fine lines of BROWNING, in his 'Blot in the 'Scutecheon:'

'THERE are blind ways provided, the foredone
Heart-weary player in this pageant world
Drops out by, letting the main masque defile
By the conspicuous portal.'

WE stood, at late summer night-fall, on 'SHANGPINT;' a 'locality' of which, in a northern county of the 'Empire State,' we had heard so much, 'in the days when we were young.' What a beautiful, *beautiful* confluence it is, that of the Susquehanna and the Chenango! Two such streams, commingling for the first time their virgin waters, in such a village as that of Binghampton! When the evening sun had but just set; when the waters reflected the clear amber sky; when the bright yet departing light flecked, through the trunks of the trees on the western bank, the verdant sod, we crossed the long bridge, and from a *point d'appui* afforded by the shaded river-promenade of Mr. E——, we beheld a scene of such mingled beauty, 'of water, wood and sky,' that its impress will remain with us forever. . . . HERE is something that will be of vast interest to all our legal brethren. The principles involved in the case are more important, 'if any thing,' than the great political 'principles of 'ninety-eight' and a half. We have had the case illustrated; and our engraver has thrown more light upon the question than would twenty special pleaders. Can't the case be 'carried up' on a 'sasherarrer' or a 'wheel-barrer?' There ought to be *some* relief in 'the courts.' But to the report; which we take the liberty to commend to our old and esteemed friend DAVID GRAHAM, when he next revises the codified 'Code.' It will be found on the next page, and well repay perusal.



‘JOHNSON vs. MADOX.

‘This action was *trespass de bonis asportatis*, and was tried on the general issue at the recent Bunkum assizes: it was prosecuted and defended with much ass-idiuity, owing to the great wealth and respectability of the

parties. The Plf. proved that he was and still is the ostensible owner of a jackass, which, on the day of the alleged taking, he rode into Bunkum, and dismounting, hitched to the Deft.'s wagon, by throwing the bridle-rein over one of the hindmost stakes; that the Deft., near sundown of that day, having occasion to go home, and being somewhat intoxicated, got into his wagon and drove off—the ass following.

‘For the Deft. it was contended that no trespass had been committed; that he did not taste, touch, or handle the ass, *manibus, pedibusque*, and cited 1 Espin-asse's *Nisi Prius*, page 406, and also SHAK. on King LEAR:

‘MAY not an *ass* know when the cart
Draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee!’

‘The Plf.'s counsel was estopped by the court, who rendered judgment for the Plf., merely ob-serving with some as-perity, ‘*Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non laedas.*’

‘The case has as-cended, and gone up on a point of law.’

This case was sent to the editor of the ‘*Bunkum Flag-Staff*’ for insertion in that journal; but he returned for answer, that he ‘did n't want no law and no Lating into his columes; he wanted nothink but good Saxony English in the ‘Staff;’ beside, he had ‘been sued once-t by a lawyer, and got ‘cast’ for a dollar and a half, and all the costs, and hated the hull tribe.’ Hence the case was sent to us; and we leave it with a jury of our readers, desiring only to call attention to the pregnant fact, set forth in so lawyer-like a manner, that the defendant ‘had occasion to go home’ that afternoon. That looks suspicious! . . . To the north-west of the village of Bing-hampton there rises ‘Prospect Mountain,’ whither, one pleasant morning, we repaired with an entertaining and hospitable friend. The view from thence is one of match-less variety and beauty. On one side, and as far as the eye can reach, spreads out the lovely valley of the Susquehannah, chequered and quilted with meadows and grain-fields, and nestling in its bosom the pretty town which lies beneath the very feet of the observer; on the other, comes down the almost equally beautiful Che-nango, sweeping through a rich and verdant vale to its confluence with its sparkling sister. When shall we ever cease to remember this view? It had such an effect upon one of our party, seated in a reverie of enjoyment upon a decayed stump of a tree, that through his present enthusiasm it gave way beneath him, turned out bodily by the roots, and deposited its burthen, in a sitting posture, in the cavity itself had made, in less time than we take to record the fact. It was as fair a specimen of ‘ground-tumbling’ as one might see of an entire evening in the circus. Now, after much agreeable chat, we began to address ourselves to descend the mountain; pre-vious to which we raised a pile of stones to designate the spot where had been vouch-safed to us a rejoicing view of one of the most lovely of nature's scenes. Through the cool woods, redolent of pine and cedar odors, we went down the mountain, and so onward to the charming villa of Dr. E——, in an eastern suburb, where with many friends, there was pleasant and hospitable entertainment, with great and memo-rable delectation. . . . ‘PROVIDENCE,’ writes an esteemed friend, ‘has wisely

ordained that in every community there is at least one person gifted with an inherent passion for attending the sick and laying out and shaving the dead. He asks no pay in money, but he is ever ready to watch all night, and perform the offices from which other men recoil. Children love him; the dying will have none else to stand beside them. There is something kind and tender about him; a charm which those in health cannot understand, cannot feel, cannot analyze; it is only appreciated by the sick. The other night I sent for such a person with reference to ploughing a field. His answer was: 'Can't come. WILLIAM TIMMONS is just dead. They say he 'works' wonderful, and I must go and put him in!' Was not this reason sufficient? . . . It was with unaffected regret that we left, in the early evening gloaming, the lovely and hospitable town of Binghampton. They are a whole-hearted community, those Binghamptonians; and not soon shall we forget certain individual faces and forms among them. Men in grave stations there are not afraid to smile; and there be professional wights thereaway who do honor not only to their professions but also to humanity. But '*Whoo! - oo! - oo!*' — there's the steam-whistle, and we are going to ride on the engine. 'All right!' and we are off. 'They needs must go whom the devil drives;' and 'Old KNICK.' (with the aid of an assistant, the first engineer) put that iron 'critter' through to Owego, twenty-two miles, in thirty-two minutes. Our engineering duties, however, did not prevent our enjoyment of the charming scenes through which we were passing. While the 'iron horse' was devouring the road before him, and the long train was thundering after him, as if in hot pursuit of the monster, we lost nothing of the retreating town, the shadows of beautiful shores and reflections of gorgeous sunset clouds in the still waters along which we were rushing; insomuch that when we arrived at Owego there was laid up in another cell of memory a 'Daguerreotype of a Landscape seen in a Dream;' for most dream-like it was, so sudden and picturesque were its beautiful changes. We sent our assistant on with the engine and train, being minded to abide for the night at DENNIS's excellent inn in Owego, with our travelling-companion and friend. Another pretty town is Owego, and there be noble and hospitable spirits, of refined and cultivated tastes, *there*, as we had good occasion to see, and gratefully to remember. We rode over to 'Glen-Mary,' through the kindness of the present owner of that lovely sequestered spot. Something was being said, *en passant*, by one of our party, touching its former occupant, when the remark, 'His little baby lies buried up that glen,' subdued all farther speech. There was a power in a child's simple grave to arrest the expression of ungenial thoughts and personal recollections. No one can visit 'Glen-Mary' without yielding due credit to the taste which selected, and the talent which has depicted, its extraordinary beauties. . . . AN instance of misplaced affection is thus recorded in a pleasant note from a Baltimore correspondent: 'JACK G —, an impetuous, warm-hearted fireman, seeing the fire bursting from the roof of a house, whereof the inmates gave no signs of alarm, burst open the door, and, followed by two or three comrades, rushed up stairs to the rooms on fire, and found two men sleeping in the burning room, whom they waked with much difficulty. JACK then turned to another room, and found a lady sleeping quietly in bed, who, upon being wakened and informed of her danger, fled instantly from the room, forgetting in her fright the child which was peacefully slumbering in the cradle. JACK, wondering much that the mother should forget her child, and remembering perhaps his own 'wee one' at home, gently lifted the unconscious slumberer, and tenderly bore it down stairs, marvelling as he went that it should be so good and not cry.

Carrying it to the light, he discovered that he had rescued a *big doll* ! . . . We wish to make a prediction — sitting in the sanctum this lovely morning, inditing this subsection of 'Gossipry' with one of SPENCER, RENDELL AND DIXON's matchless gold pens — we wish to make a prediction ; and it is this : that '*Castle Kenilworth*,' on the Neversink highlands, in the thick umbrageous woods above the twin light-houses which hold their lanterns over the deep, when erected, after the plans of its projectors, will be one of the most attractive, the most magnificent watering-place hotels in America, if not in the world. The edifice will stand on an eminence of two hundred feet above the level of the sea, in a most picturesque and varied forest land, of unlimited extent, on the peak of the highlands of Neversink ; elegantly laid out, and divided into shady walks, terraces, arbors, etc. The vast panorama of the ocean and of the surrounding country, distant and adjacent, is wholly unequalled. A swift steam-boat, a protected passage, a safe landing, and a graduated and easy access from the water, will bring the visitor twice or three times a day to '*Castle Kenilworth*' in a little over an hour and a half. What a glorious site is this for a summer hotel ! It marks the very top of the last blue line that fades upon the eye as the American voyager leaves his native shores, and is the first to greet his anxious gaze as he approaches it from seaward. And the edifice itself will be in keeping with the site which it will occupy and the scenes which it will command. The architects, Messrs. RENWICK and ANDERSON, of Park-Place, have produced the plan of a work which, when completed, will not only reflect credit upon themselves but upon the country. The architectural outline is bold and pure, and the arrangement is of more than palatial magnificence. The castle will be an irregular square, and will occupy an area of more than fourteen thousand square yards. The main entrance, fronting the ocean, is four hundred and twenty-five feet long, with terraces the entire length, returning on the sides, and two wings of two hundred and fifty feet in length, of the same height as the main buildings. The ladies' drawing-rooms will occupy an octagonal tower, forty feet in diameter, of the most elegant finish, surrounded by a cloister, standing on a terrace. There will be three other towers, occupied by gentlemen's reading, smoking, reception, and billiard-rooms. There will be seventy private sitting-rooms, large and well-ventilated sleeping-rooms, nurses' and children's rooms, dining and supper-rooms for private parties, a spacious 'office,' etc., etc. The public dining-room will occupy the ground-floor of a separate octagonal tower in the centre, of one hundred feet in diameter, involving in its finish all the luxury of modern adornment, ornamented columns, elaborate cornices, stained glass, etc. In the same style of magnificence there will be a ball-room, with its orchestra, spacious corridors and piazzas, terminating on the adjoining pleasure-grounds ; while the less imposing but not less necessary appendages of kitchens, baths, laundrys, etc., will be in a separate and distinct division of the princely premises. The exterior view of '*Castle Kenilworth*' is dignified, graceful, and imposing ; and its erection, according to the plans we have seen, and which may be examined at RATHBON'S Hotel in Broadway, will be an honor to its projectors and to the city. A joint-stock company has been formed to carry out this great enterprise ; and in the capable hands of the gentlemen who are moving in the matter, its erection and completion are sure, and its success and popularity equally certain. . . . THESE simple lines, by an endeared friend, whose mother died in giving him birth, strike us as touchingly beautiful. They are imbued with true feeling ; and coming from the heart, they will reach the heart of the reader :

I NEVER saw thy mild blue eye,
I never felt thy kiss;
Thou wert welcomed to the world on high
Just as I entered this.

Yet thou didst leave a dying thought,
A blessing for thy boy;
It was the earliest smile I caught,
'T will be my latest joy.

The mission that to thee was given
Was finished at my birth;
The star that lighted thee to heaven
Did welcome me to earth.

May it always be my guiding-star!
May it always clearly shine!
Till I have reached those realms afar,
And am forever thine.

WHEN we left Owego early in the morning, the envious mists were hanging in wreaths around the mountain-tops that, in sunshine or in storm, forever look down upon the pleasant scenes we were leaving. We were whirled smoothly over the branch rail-road toward Ithaca, in capacious and luxurious cars, like those of the New-York and Erie rail-road; the courteous and intelligent agent assigned to us and to our companion the handsome 'saloon'-car, and himself imparted to us much valuable information, touching that part of the country, the village we were approaching, etc. Now the blue hills we had been nearing opened into a wide amphitheatre, and lo! afar off the green waters of the Lake Cayuga, sparkling and flashing in the sun! A little farther on, and from an elevated plateau we obtained a sight of the beautiful village of Ithaca, lying spread out on the plain below us, its white steeples rising out of the green shrubbery by which the town is profusely ornamented. It is to be regretted that the cars reach the lake-steamer by a route so circuitous (and, as it seems to us, so ill-chosen,) that the traveller is prevented from forming a correct idea of the beauties of the place. But Ithaca has receded from view; we have studied the green waters, the white clouds, the verdant shores; we have passed the beautiful village of Aurora, and one other charming settlement on the east bank of this lovely lake; and yonder is the long and dusky line of 'Cayuga Bridge,' where 'OLLAPOD' and his confrères assembled by academic order, to 'elevate the ancient Henry' on a certain evening which he has made memorable in his 'Ollapodiana.' Let us on to 'Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.' D'ever you hear *that* quotation before? It's GOLDSMITH's: 's a fact. . . . WHILE at Syracuse recently, we learned that a committee of six of the most respectable citizens of that flourishing town, 'finding that five or six hundred dollars were subscribed annually by that city to the 'Art Union' in New-York, and that that city averaged but two pictures in return for that amount, and wishing to patronize home talent, secure *good* pictures, and to give themselves more than double the chance, had made the following proposition to Mr. THAYER, (whose productions begin to rank among the first and best in the country,) which he had accepted, and had agreed to furnish five original pictures, well framed, each worth one hundred dollars, to be drawn in five different prizes, by one hundred members at five dollars each. The pictures to consist of three landscapes and two historical compositions illustrative of American History. As works of art,' add the committee, 'he is well capable of doing them, and he will guarantee that they shall be pronounced well worth the amount subscribed, by competent judges; and if the committee, after seeing the paintings, shall feel dissatisfied with any of them, they are at liberty to reject them and demand better in their places; thus securing perfect satisfaction and the distribution of *five good pictures* in the place of one or two;' the drawing to be on the same plan as that of the American Art Union. We had the pleasure to visit Mr. THAYER's studio, and to examine several of his completed pictures, and one or two unfinished paintings upon his easel. His pictures heretofore in the National Academy evinced great promise, but his improvement upon these has been marked, and steadily progressive. Mr. THAYER is an able artist, and we have no doubt will

fully satisfy the expectations of his friends, in the execution of the commission to which we have adverted. Adjoining the studio of Mr. THAYER is that of Mr. E. C. CLUTE, a sculptor, of whom and of whose promising works we made mention some months since in these pages. His busts are remarkable for their great freedom, grace and faithfulness. He has just completed a bust of Major BURNETT, a prominent citizen of Syracuse, which for the qualities we have indicated we have rarely if ever seen surpassed. Mr. CLUTE is an artist of unmistakeable genius, and his execution is masterly. . . . AUBURN, since we last had the pleasure to visit it, has greatly enlarged its borders; and in the neatness of its new, and the improvements of its older structures, gives token of a healthy and vigorous growth, and exhibits all the elements of a permanent prosperity. Nothing could be more beautifully situated, its site being a wide and varied amphitheatre, terminating at the horizon; the abundant foliage that surrounds the private dwellings, and fills the neat gardens, gives to the town a tasteful and rural aspect; while the grace and elegance of many of its churches and other public edifices might well be emulated by places of much greater pretension. If we may judge from that of General Wood, the spacious and well-ordered 'Western Exchange,' its hotels, which are numerous and imposing, are of a high order of excellence. The 'General' is truly a 'host' in himself, and is in his own portly person a good exemplification of the richness of his fare. The State-Prison, which we first saw when a child, has lost none of the grandeur which then excited our wonder and admiration. So dignified and striking are its proportions, so solemn is its architectural order, that were we now to see its gloomy walls, with a soft dull snow melting upon its sides in the warm south wind of a mild winter day, we have no doubt that our past impressions would be fully renewed and confirmed. Old 'Copper JOHN' looks as fierce as ever, standing with his musket on the apex of the flying-buttresses which crown the main tower, and seems to guard as rigidly as ever the unhappy 'prisoners and captives' who groan in spirit below him. But neither 'JOHN' nor his live associates can always prevent escapes. A week or two before we arrived, a prisoner, working in the yard, hid himself for a moment, slipped on a pair of 'overalls' which a contractor's agent had just pulled off, put some scraps of stone and iron upon a wheel-barrow, marched up to the large wall-gate, ordered it open, wheeled out his load, and deliberately walked off! It was three hours before his escape was known in the prison; and he has hitherto eluded, and will doubtless continue to elude, his pursuers, for not the slightest cue to his route has yet been discovered. Riding in an eastern suburb, with an obliging and prominent citizen, and past the new rural cemetery, a singular occurrence was mentioned to us. A granite tomb was pointed out, which a man had had erected for himself, and in which he had even deposited his coffin. It was his fancy occasionally to visit this tomb; and one day the door, which shut with a double spring-lock, closed upon him, fastened itself, and left him in darkness and silence, the living tenant of his own tomb! He was providentially discovered and liberated, after the lapse of two days and nights. . . . THE sun had just gone down, and a pile of cumulous clouds, gorgeous with an inner light, was rolling up in the east, when we drew rein at the country-villa of an old friend and umqwhile correspondent, residing in elegant and luxurious ease on the eastern bank of the beautiful Owaseo Lake, some three miles from the village of Auburn. The house, until lately an agglomeration of just such cosy additions as were from time to time required, is now a symmetrical and perfect whole, embracing in the interior every modern improvement, yet preserving in the exterior such a variety of architectural beauty that the entire edifice seems a happy original design of a true artist, as indeed it is.

But the extent and beauty of the grounds; the semi-circular groves of forest trees by the shore of the beautiful lake; the shady glades opening to them; the close-shaven lawns of freshest green; the rustic arbors, verdant hedges, leafy vistas, and clumps of flowering plants; the abundant fruits; the 'water, mush, and other 'millions; the peaches, pears, and apricots; the 'ras., black, huckle, straw, mul., and other berries;' the 'wal., ches., beech, butter, and other nuts; all these were there, in fruition or promise. If we could envy a friend, it would be 'E. T. T. M.,' what time he leaves his well-stored library, ascends to the top of his beautiful mansion, and surveys with a grateful heart his noble paternal acres, and the scenes of loveliness by which they are surrounded. . . . Mr. P. T. BARNUM, whose enterprise and liberality in securing for the American public so great a musical luxury as M^{lle} JENNY LIND we cannot but hope may be munificently rewarded, has offered the handsome sum of two hundred dollars for an original song, a '*Welcome to America*,' to be set to music by the eminent composer, JULES BENEDICT, and sung by the great vocalist at her first concert in America. The decision as to the best song is to be given by a committee, consisting of Messrs. GEORGE RIPLEY, JULES BENEDICT, L. GAYLORD CLARK, J. S. REDFIELD, and GEO. P. PUTNAM. The sealed name only of the successful competitor will be opened by the committee, and the unaccepted songs will be returned to the order of their authors. A waggish friend writes us: 'You are one of the 'JENNY LIND Song' committee. I want forty dollars for the enclosed. It is the first verse of a song which I *know* must take the prize; and if you'll send me the two double 'saw-bucks,' you shall have the rest of the two hundred dollars' worth pretty soon:

'WELCOME, JENNY LIND!
Swedish Nightingale!
May you escape the wind,
The light'ning and the gale!'

'This verse was composed in less than half a day, and on a sultry August afternoon at that; and that same night, before twelve o'clock, I'd half-composed another, almost as good!' . . . THE transition from Auburn to Syracuse 'by rail' is the work of an hour; and here we are at *Rust's Syracuse Hotel*, just over the principal canal-bridge, and formerly known as 'The Empire House.' Well, well; this is Syracuse, is it, the capital of our glorious native county of Onondaga? Short as had been the time since last we saw it, we should scarcely have known the place. A more stirring, bustling, prosperous city there is not west of this metropolis. Stand at *Rust's Hotel*, facing the great square, toward and from which rail-roads, streets, plank-roads and canals diverge and radiate, and look about you. What a mart of business is before and around you! Glance at the new erections. A stone church, only not rivalling Trinity, has arisen on one hand; on another, the tower of a scarcely less beautiful structure pierces the clear air; and in more distant quarters of the town rise other new erections of a kindred character, including the chaste and graceful edifice whose dedication was recently noticed in these pages. Spacious hotels, block after block of new and extensive stores, and numerous recent streets of smaller dwelling-houses; these also attest the great prosperity of a city which now numbers some twenty-two thousand inhabitants! A word, in passing, touching the hotels of Syracuse. Without at all disparaging others, such as the 'Syracuse House,' the 'Globe,' and the like, which we are told have a good reputation, and are liberally patronised, we must say of '*Rust's Hotel*' that it is without exception the best house of its kind that we have ever seen, out of New-York, nor indeed it is excelled by the 'Astor,' the 'New-York,' or other similar establishments in this city. PHILLO Rust was born with a *genius* for the profession which he has made a life-long study

and the results of which he has reduced to perfect practice. Cleanliness, order, well-ventilated and spacious apartments; in his larder and wine-cellar variety and abundance; in his kitchen good cooks; at his loaded tables ample and quiet service; and over all, a watchful personal supervision — these are the ‘tools’ by which *Rust* works, and by which he has established his well-earned and wide-spread reputation. The *freshness* of every thing on his table, so highly praised by travellers, is easily accounted for. Not a mile from his house is his farm of some sixty acres, which we visited. Here, awaiting his daily order, graze his fat beeves; here grunt in indolent repose his pigs, with a remarkable talent at corn-fed obesity; here bleat his ‘South-Down’ lambs; here crow his cocks, cackle his great family of hens and chickens, and ‘quaäck’ his ducks; and not far off are his ‘preserves’ of partridges and wood-cocks; here too grow his sweet-corn, his beets, turnips, tomatoes, red and yellow, portly, liverish-looking egg-plants, and the whole family of vegetables, common or rare, down to tanzy for old fashioned ‘bitters’ and spear-mint for modern ‘juleps.’ Wherefrom he gets his canvass-backs and prairie-chickens, we know not; but when we were at his house he *had* them, ‘in good order and well-conditioned.’ Of such is composed the edible *matériel* of ‘*Rust’s Hotel*,’ at Syracuse. Test the truth of our unprompted tribute to just desert, reader, as thou passest east or west through that flourishing city. . . . LAUGHED somedele to-day at the pretty inn of the healthful ‘*Messina Springs*,’ (the ‘*BURNHAM’s* or ‘*Woodlawn*’ of Syracuse,) at an account of a young country girl who had been taken to a Fourth-of-July ball by a swain of the neighborhood. Her beau found ‘metal more attractive’ in the ‘long-room,’ and left his girl a ‘wall-flower’ until the night was well nigh spent. Just as the ball was about to close, however, he came up to the neglected fair one and said, ‘Do n’t you want to dance?’ ‘Dance!’ she replied; ‘guess I *do*! Where you *ben*? I ben sittin’ here till I thought I should ha’ *took roots*!’ And they stepped into line for a ‘country-dance,’ as they termed it. . . . It was ‘pleasant yet mournful to the soul’ to revisit, with two dear friends and old school-companions, the little academy at ‘the Hollow’ (now a mere suburb of Syracuse), to which *OLLAPOD* once so feelingly alluded, and where himself and ‘Old *KNICK*,’ passed the happiest of their younger days. It was undergoing repairs, and seemed dusty and desolate. But we penetrated to every open apartment; we deciphered ‘W. G. C.’ and ‘L. G. C.’ cut on the window-sills in our old rooms; we ascended to the crazy cupola and surveyed the scenery round about, and the time-worn bell whose iron tongue had so often called us to study; we threaded the ‘commons-hall’ below; we went out upon the once-familiar green, as if it were again ‘play-time,’ and called by name upon our old companions to come once more and play ‘bass-ball.’ But they answered not; they came not! The old forms and faces were gone; the once familiar voices were silent. Some, like ‘*OLLAPOD*,’ had ‘gone down to darkness and the worm;’ some were in distant lands; and some who were living were yet dead to the past, and had lost, in the struggles of ambition, the ‘boyhood of the soul.’ So we went away sorrowing, pausing, before mounting into our phaeton, to climb up and look into the windows of the old village church, where we used to relieve the tedium of the proverbially dull discourses of old Parson T — by exchanging glances of recognition with the prettiest girls of his sleepy congregation. Then we repaired to ‘*Arsenal Hill*’ and looked off, with many a teeming reminiscence, upon the sunny hills which rise around the place where our eyes first saw the light of heaven. Then we went to the ‘long-room’ of the village inn, to see the hall where we first ‘balanced’ to a female ‘partner.’ Good gracions! — ‘how old *TEMPUS* do fugit!’ Then we rode

slowly Syracuse-ward, with much rememberable talk by the way. . . . WHEN we went upon the hill, near the old village of Geddes, to examine the beautiful farm and noble blood-stock of an esteemed friend, 'a suckumstans occurred,' as our friend of the 'Bumkum Flag-Staff' would say. After rolling large round boulders down a steep declivity until we grew tired, we rejoined our two companions who had 'fainted by the wayside,' and declined to accompany us, because of the heat of the day. Conversation turned upon wrestling. The EDITOR hereof proposed 'back' or 'side-held' to a 'gentleman of the legal profession,' in whose society we had had much delectation, and from whom our readers have often heard with pleasure. He was not robust, was of medium stature, nor did much blood mantle in his face. Our proposition was accepted, and 'with locked embrace' we entered upon the contest. — Syracuse lawyers are physically deceptive, and their clothes are more strongly made than in this city. Had we known our 'contestant' had been so 'cunning of fence,' we had not challenged him. We have n't room to say anything farther in relation to this 'suckumstans' at present. . . . MR. HENRY J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-painter, has now nearly completed on his easel two of the most beautiful pictures we have ever seen from his facile pencil. One is a pastoral landscape, of surpassing loveliness; in coloring rich, in handling delicious; the other is the embodiment of a scene which we should rather possess than any landscape, save DURAND's, in the last National Academy exhibition. MR. BRENT's improvement is marked, and his genius is beginning to be known and appreciated. . . . WHEN our friend Doctor FRANCIS visited the birth-place of ROBERT BURNS, he said to the widow of the immortal bard: 'Your husband, Madam, was a magnificent poet; his name is well known and honored throughout America; he was truly a great genius.' 'I have been told so *since his death*,' was the reply; and all Scotchmen should remember it hereafter in the treatment of their men of genius. . . . 'Go out in the woods, SAMBO,' said a southern master to one of his negroes, 'and cut me some crotches for a fence — to stick in the ground like this;' making at the same time an inverted A of two fingers on a table. The negro took his axe, went into the woods, was gone all day, and returned at last with nothing but his axe in his hand. 'Where are your crotches, SAMBO?' asked his master. 'Could n't find none, massa, no how!' 'Could n't *find* any!' said his master; 'why, there are thousands of them in the woods. Why, look at that tree; there are a half dozen on *that*: could n't you find any like that?' pointing to a forked branch on the tree. 'Oh, yes, massa, plenty o' *dem* kind; but dey all crotch *up*: t'ought you wanted dem kind dat crotch *down*!' . . . THERE came one pleasant morning into our apartment at RUSK's Syracuse Hotel, a well-favored gentleman, of great talent, legal and other, and a man who has seen and knows the world, having in his hand a superb staff, or cane. A single joint of beautiful Malacca was the shaft thereof; of richly-carved gold was the gracefully-shaped bulb which composed its head, and in the top thereof shone and gleamed, like the gold-and-crimson of the setting sun, a magnificent topaz. It was praised of all present for its exceeding richness and beauty, when lo! it transpired that it was a token of friendship for 'Old KNICK'; and the accomplished and generous donor made it doubly welcome by a few kindly and complimentary words, and by the genial 'succession' which he designated for the splendid gift. Once again, 'Thanks, and acceptance bounteous.' . . . It was an agreeable thing to be once more at COLEMAN's commodious and deservedly popular 'Troy House,' on our way to Saratoga and Lake George; another agreeable thing, after a sumptuous breakfast, and a pleasant ride with the worthy proprietor to the beautiful Cohoes Falls, was a brief visit to an old friend, a man with a heart, and true

genius, who lives hard by; agreeable too was the ride in the nice cars of the Troy and Saratoga rail-road to 'the Springs;' but *not* very agreeable was our stay at that renowned watering-place. It was too full for any thing like quiet or comfort. It was a mile of Broadway, of a fine day at promenade hour, placed in full dress in drawing-rooms, on long piazzas, and around public fountains. Eleven hundred persons dined at the 'United States' on the day of our arrival, and that village of a house was crowded to repletion. So too was 'Congress Hall,' so admirably kept by Brown, and all the other hotels. The evening *soirée* at 'the States' must have numbered some six or eight hundred persons; and so great was the jam that one soon tired of promenading among half-dressed faded and jaded beauties — with brilliant exceptions, certainly. The weather was cold and raw; 'the waters' gave us an ague; and we could not affect 'the Springs' this time, 'at all, all.' . . . Our feelings are hurt. We find in the tranquil columns of a weakly contemporary such an awful version of a stanza of almost the first 'poem' we ever heard, that we *must* speak out. The true 'version of the verse' is thus:

A frog he would a-woeing ride,
With a rigdum bully-milly kimo;
With sword and buckler by his side,
With a rigdum bully-milly kimo:
Kimo kero, dolto-karo, rigdum bully-milly kimo;
Strim-stram pumadiddle, lily-bonny rig,
With a rigdum bully-milly kimo.

Now all commentators agree as to the truth and faithfulness of this version; and to have a pseudo-translation foisted 'upon community!' . . . WELL pleased were we to be 'off' from Saratoga for Lake-George; the 'creöwnin'-glory,' in our poor estimation, of all American watering-places. Our expectations were abundantly fulfilled, as well we knew they *would* be. The quick transit from Saratoga to the 'Moreau-Station,' by the admirably-conducted Saratoga and Whitehall Rail-Road — a trip rendered doubly agreeable by the company of the 'Prime-Minister,' Mr. VAN RENSSELAER, who speaks from a full mind of all that can interest the traveller on the way — the pleasant trip on the plank-road; a post-coach ride on the outside; the blue mountains, opening a vista to the Lake; the LAKE itself; the overflowing 'Lake-House;' the SHERRILL at the door to welcome us — these were pleasant to see, and they are not less pleasant to remember. Moreover, of DANIEL GALE, the 'second in command,' of whom our readers have heard aforetime; of the active and courteous JAMES, his brother, of whom they have not heretofore heard, but shall hereafter; of the fruitful trout-fishing in the brooks that empty into Lake-George; of sailing with the good 'ADMIRAL,' aided by 'LINUS, the skipper,' in the yacht y'clept 'L. GAYLORD CLARK;' of lying in the shadow of the 'swelling bosom' of the main-sail, listening to the gurglish rush of the blue water at the prow, and looking up at the gay pennant upon which FRIENDSHIP had inscribed our name, floating in the pure air of lovely Horriçon; of a delightful sail down the glorious lake, in the swift and graceful steamer 'JOHN JAY,' and all the matchless scenery which we saw in a new light; of a visit to the Ticonderoga Falls, the 'hallowed ground' of the 'Old Fort,' the excellent 'Ticonderoga House,' and of a jaunt down Lake-Champlain — of all these, shall we not gossip hereafter? 'Most preb-ably!' . . . WE have been absent from the sanctum eighteen memorable days; during which time numerous books and other publications, some the handiwork of valued friends, have accumulated upon the 'Table.' These, with many communications for the Magazine, and many more private letters, will receive, in shipping-list phrase, 'immediate despatch.'